

LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 160.—VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1863.

[PRICE 4d.
Unstamped.]

England and Russia.
General Lee and General Meade.
Our Relations with Japan.
Lord Clarence Paget and Lieutenant
Finling.
The French in Mexico.
Sir Cresswell Cresswell's Knee.
Transportation and Penal Servitude.

The New French Juliet.
Health of the Army in India.
A Madman on the Rail.
The Roupell Smelting-pot.
Death and Jollity.
Chinese Justice in England.
The Joint-Stock Banks.

REVIEWS:—

Mr. Phillimore's History of England in
the Reign of George III.
Life of Victor Hugo (Second Notice).
Captain Gronow's Recollections.
Austin Elliot.
The Agriculturist's Weather Guide.
Bishop Colenso on the Pentateuch,
Article IV.

FINE ARTS:—

Music.

SCIENCE:—

Holiday Science.

CORRESPONDENCE:—

Fish-Hatching.

List of New Publications for the Week.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

THOSE who assail the Government policy upon the Polish difficulty, and who enlarge upon the humiliating position in which the Russian answer places us, carefully refrain from grappling with the preliminary question, in what position would England have been had she refrained from all diplomatic intercession in favour of the unhappy Poles? It is humiliating, we are told, to have been met with a flat denial of our just request. We venture to think it would have been far more humiliating had we sat silent, with folded hands, and refused to protest against the monstrous cruelties of Russia, for fear of possible diplomatic discourtesy on the part of the St. Petersburg Cabinet. Let us suppose, for a moment, that Austria, instead of acting as she has done, had refused to join us in our negotiation, and had insisted on maintaining a gloomy attitude of isolation. What, in such a case, would have been the language of England and France? The press of both countries would have declared, as it declared so vehemently during the Crimean war,—that such an attitude, instead of preserving peace in Europe, increased in an indefinite degree the chances of a European conflict. It would have inveighed in no measured terms against the selfishness which at a critical diplomatic juncture weakened the effect of the diplomatic action of the Western Powers. It would have been said that Austria was repeating her old follies, and once more abdicating her own position as a Great Power. Nor would the immediate consequences of her conduct have failed to seem momentous. The tone of Russia might have perceptibly changed. Instead of courteous refusals, we should have had indignant defiance, and our well-meant efforts would all have been paralyzed by uncertainty as to the future course of both Germany and Austria. When everything had failed, when Russia had trampled out the last dying embers of the Polish insurrection, and again subjected Poland to a fresh régime of tyranny and despair, there would not have been wanting tongues to reproach the Cabinet of Vienna with having been the culpable cause of Poland's new calamities. Invert the picture, read England for Austria, and we have a faithful sketch of the odium, the suspicion, and the loss of influence on the Continent, which would have been this country's portion had we pursued the ignoble course which some people are blind enough to complain that we did not follow. Lastly, if France had done what she did four years ago, and determined herself to solve by the sword a European question, towards the peaceful solution of which England had declined to contribute anything, we should not have had the satisfaction of feeling that we, at least, had warned Russia, and done our best to avert a general conflagration. If the French eagles had, as a last result, marched towards the Rhine, we should have fallen

back, discontented, on our old line of querulous criticism and suspicion. At the close of the struggle we should have found ourselves checkmated by French policy, powerless to interfere against French territorial aggrandizement, and feebly repeating the undignified part that we played on a recent occasion with reference to the annexation of Nice and Savoy, and to the entire question of the settlement of Italy.

It should be a sufficient satisfaction to the most captious to reflect that, in repelling our overtures, Russia is repelling the dignified and peaceful overtures of all Liberal Europe. We are placed in no predicament in which all are not placed, Austria among the number. Nor is the perplexity in which we now find ourselves due to our having remonstrated when we needed not to do so. Our perplexity would have been far greater had we refrained. The present difficulty arises from very different causes. It comes of the national reluctance to go to war for anything that does not imperatively affect ourselves. It is perfectly impossible for a great nation like England to proclaim loudly on such occasions as the present that nothing will tempt her into war, and at the same time to enjoy the *prestige* and influence of a military and an aggressive empire. A resolution never to fight for others may be a wise one for a people to adopt who cordially detest the miseries and horrors of war, but it is a resolution that entails on those who adopt it a certain amount of self-denial. They must deny themselves the vain and earthly gratification of being looked upon as heroic crusaders or missionaries of an idea. They must endure what non-duellists have to endure in an age and a generation of duelling—namely, the reproach of their more fiery neighbours. We cannot serve two masters. A firm adherence to the theory of non-intervention, under the most aggravating circumstances, must now and then be painful, and must expose us to cynical observation. This cynical observation we should not have escaped had Lord Russell's pen rested in its scabbard, and the Complete Letterwriter of the Foreign Office remained in some dusty pigeonhole unconsulted and obscure. But though the general policy of the British Government has been worthy of a Christian and generous, though not of a warlike people, Lord Russell cannot be acquitted of blame for having deliberately encouraged Russia to believe that she might with impunity count upon English non-intervention. His fault has, indeed, been shared by the leading journal of the day. We cannot particularly commend the *Times* for the part it has played in this matter. It has from the first almost drowned the well-meant voice of diplomacy by drumming perpetually on the note of Peace. Want of confidence in the ability of Lord Russell and in the pacific tendencies of Lord Palmerston, coupled, doubtless, with an honest and sincere horror of bloodshed, has led the first newspaper of the

English world to commit the grave blunder of injuring the effect of the remonstrances of the Foreign Office. The *Times* and Lord Russell might both have taken a wholesome lesson from the more politic silence of the Premier. Lord Palmerston is not an enthusiast, and he is well acquainted with the temper of the House of Commons, which, up to last Monday at all events, was singularly pacific. But Lord Palmerston was too astute a statesman to tumble into the errors of Lord Aberdeen. He took Russia into no inappropriate confidence, nor did he allow her the singular advantage of knowing what the next English move on the chessboard would be. Perhaps we shall not be wrong in conjecturing that he viewed with surprise and regret the unnecessary indiscretions of his own Foreign Minister. The mischief has now been done, and it is worse than useless to indulge in mere recrimination. Yet in the mysterious changes and chances of the future, should this country unwillingly be driven to war, some responsibility will rest on the shoulders of those who have re-enacted in 1863, before the eyes of Europe, the blundering rôle filled immediately before the Russian war by the Peace Party of Great Britain.

On the other hand, Mr. Horsman's speech, full of genius as it was, did not convince the House of Commons, and will not convince the country, that the Cabinet should have thrown overboard the Treaties of Vienna, and boldly set before themselves the Herculean task of achieving the absolute independence of Poland. The proposal was worthy of a generous mind. Had Mr. Horsman been Prince Napoleon, and addressing himself to the master of the armies of France or to his obsequious Senate, his eloquence would have been suited to the occasion. The policy of France is a democratical, a revolutionary, and a reconstructive policy, directed by one Imperial mind. A French war, waged for such an aim as that suggested by Mr. Horsman, would have nothing very strange about it. But it argues a curious ignorance of the temper and the inclination of Englishmen to suppose that this country can go about the world drawing its sword in defence of visionary schemes for the resettlement of Europe on the basis of a revival of extinct nationalities. We are bound by the Treaties of Vienna in a way that France is not. Much as we may now deplore the fatal mistakes of the Congress of 1814-15, it is Quixotic to suppose that England can demand more of Russia than we are entitled to expect under those treaties. If the treaties are to be torn to rags, it is for others and not for us to tear them. So far as English diplomacy is concerned, an agitation for the independence of Poland—however desirable Polish independence may be—would be wild, rash, and most unjustifiable. No Government in its senses would entertain the project for an hour. Within the limits of the treaty, however, our rights and indeed our obligations are clearly marked. It has been ably pointed out by more than one acute reasoner, that nothing short of Polish independence can solve the Polish problem. The Poles will never abandon the hope of reviving the shadows and the images of the past. We do not combat in the least the truth of this assertion; on the contrary, it has been developed nowhere more in detail than in our own columns. But the question for English statesmen is not what Poland wants, or what Poland some day will succeed in obtaining. The logic of events, no doubt, may ultimately lead to conclusions which are not yet ripe for maintaining by the sword. The best thing for Europe might conceivably be to surround Russia with a circle of nationalities, beyond the influence of the Greek religion. Possibly even the Eastern question might become all the simpler for such a change. All this is matter of pure speculation, and does not furnish a valid reason for our departing from our constitutional and traditional line. For the moment, all we are bound to desire is that Poland should be well governed, upon the plan of 1815. Time and opportunity will complete for her whatever more is wanting for her happiness or the welfare of the Continent. The result of Mr. Horsman's views would be at once to change our *locus standi* in the matter, and to deliver us up to the mercy of we know not what. His point of view is irretrievably French. England is unfitted for the propaganda to which he wants us to be committed. Indeed, the first consequence of our departing from our own settled course would be deplorable. At one blow Mr. Horsman severs Austria from the diplomatic alliance of the Western Powers. Believing, as we do, in the powerful chemical efficacy of Time to dissolve and decompose, we see no object in a precipitate purchase (at a ruinous

loss of blood) of some doctrinaire solution of the Polish question. That Poland shall be free and constitutionally governed is what we may justly require. It was hardly to be anticipated that Russia would consent easily to an armistice. But we have a lawful right to insist upon an immediate Congress. In refusing this latter demand, the Cabinet of St. Petersburg are doing their best to disturb the peace of Europe. The next move is with the three Powers.

GENERAL LEE AND GENERAL MEADE.

THE accounts of the campaign on the Potomac are like weekly numbers of a sensation novel. Each telegraphic message stops short on the very eve of a crisis. Last week the two rival armies had just concluded a three days' battle, and we were left to doubt whether Lee would retreat or renew the combat. As we ventured to anticipate, General Lee began his retreat on Friday, the 4th of July. This week the telegram from Cape Race, which left New York on the 13th, announces that the rival armies are confronting each other near Antietam stream, where McClellan fought last year, and that another battle was supposed to be impending. It would be idle to hazard a conjecture as to the future. In the meantime, however, it may be interesting to give a connected view of General Lee's campaign in Pennsylvania up to the present time.

About six weeks after the battle of Chancellorsville, which happened on the 2nd and 3rd of May, General Lee left Fredericksburgh and marched up the Rappahannock. On the 13th of June, the Confederate Ewell had reached Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley, the works of which he carried by storm, dispersing 10,000 men under the Federal Milroy. On the 15th the Confederate Cavalry crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, about fifteen miles above Harper's Ferry, and pushed up the Cumberland Valley, occupying Chambersburg. On the 18th of June the mass of Lee's army crossed the river at the same spot. On the 25th Lee's rearguard followed. In the meantime General Hooker had marched rapidly towards Washington. His route was directly northward, whilst Lee had been compelled to make a long circuit to the westward. The two armies were separated from each other by the Blue Ridge and Bull Run mountains, and until Lee's rearguard crossed, Hooker remained on the south side of the Potomac watching the gaps through these mountains. But on the 25th, when the whole of Lee's army had crossed, Hooker followed his example; and marching westward with his left leaning on the Potomac the Federal army reached Frederick City on the 28th of last month. On that day General Lee had his head-quarters at Hagerstown, about eight or ten miles north-east of Williamsport; whilst his army was spread out like a fan towards the east and south, collecting supplies and levying contributions. But on the 28th an important change came over the Federal army. Hooker was replaced by Meade; and it must be admitted that subsequent events have amply justified the selection of this officer as commander-in-chief. It is said that his appointment came upon him unexpectedly. If it did, his promptitude of judgment and celerity of movement are indeed striking. Meade did not hesitate a moment. On the 29th, the very day after he assumed the command, the cavalry of Pleasanton fell upon the Confederate cavalry, under Stuart, at Hanover, and drove them back some twenty miles westward to Gettysburg. At the same time Meade himself pushed on for Gettysburg, and on the 1st of July, only two days after he took the reins, his advanced guard, consisting of two corps, had passed through that town and engaged the enemy. The truth is that Gettysburg is an important strategical point. The main roads, from the north, the east, and the west, converge at this spot. If Lee had lost this position he would have lost his best means of communication. Indeed Hagerstown and Williamsport, where his bridge of boats was stationed, would have been completely uncovered. Lee, therefore, determined to hold Gettysburg at all hazards. But Meade was almost too quick for him. His advanced corps was indeed driven to the south side of the town; but in the meantime the main army of the Federals had come up, so that on the 2nd of July Lee found his rival posted in an admirable position, and prepared to accept battle. It is probable that Lee underrated both the numbers and the mettle of the army opposed to him. The new General was not only untried, but had assumed the command only a few hours. His army had

been hastily collected, and was in great measure composed of raw troops. At the same time the North were undoubtedly collecting reinforcements, which must shortly arrive. It was not surprising, therefore, that under these circumstances Lee should determine to attack at once. By Thursday morning, the 2nd, Lee had collected all his army, and had placed it upon a semicircular range of hills facing southwards, under cover of a double line of batteries. The village of Gettysburg lay between the two armies. To the south of it rose the Cemetery Hill, forming the apex of a triangular plateau. On this plateau Meade posted his army. The position was not above a mile long. In front, on the Cemetery Hill, stood the 1st and 11th corps; on the right side of the triangle stood the 12th corps; on the left side stood the 13th and the 2nd corps; the 5th and 6th were in reserve in the centre. The battle did not begin until four o'clock on the Thursday afternoon. But after a short cannonade Lee hurled Longstreet's corps in column against the Federal left. This attack was repulsed. Again, at nine o'clock, a similar attempt was made against the centre; but that also was repulsed. Next day, Friday, after a furious cannonade from 150 guns, which lasted three hours, the tactics of the day before were repeated. In the afternoon the two corps of Ewell and Longstreet advanced in column against the position. The attack was made with all the gallantry and dash for which the Southern troops are so conspicuous. But the attempt was vain; and on the same night Lee retired from his position. What may have been the losses on either side it is vain to conjecture. At first it was said that Lee's army was routed, and in fact completely demoralized. But this is a mistake. He retreated slowly and in good order. His line of march seems to have been south-westward by Emmetsburg, so that this defeated army actually performed a flank movement almost in presence of the victorious enemy. According to the telegram which left New York on the 13th of July, Lee has disencumbered himself of his sick and such of the wounded as he carried with him; and has taken up position a few miles south of Hagerstown and Williamsport, but still on the northern bank of the Potomac. His right rests upon Bakersville, his left is at Funkstown, and even covers Hagerstown. According to some accounts he is throwing up works in his front. In the meantime Meade, having abandoned Gettysburg, marched by the shortest route to the Potomac, and thence north-westward towards Boonesborough and Bakersville. His left rests on the Potomac, his right is across the road to Washington. It is impossible to say which of the rival commanders will resume the offensive. On the one hand, it is difficult to perceive how Meade can be driven to attack against his will; and on the other, it is difficult to perceive how General Lee can long maintain his present position. If it be true that he has been reinforced by Beauregard with 40,000 men, he may soon find himself strong enough to attack Meade; but if Meade succeeds in endangering the communications of his opponent by detaching a body of troops up the southern bank of the Potomac, General Lee must either fight or retreat across the river in presence of the enemy.

There is not much doubt, however, that General Lee has been reinforced from the west, or, at all events, that a considerable number of troops have been withdrawn from the army of General Bragg. Though some doubts are still expressed as to the fall of Vicksburg, the general opinion certainly is that it has capitulated. Most certainly it has not been relieved, and therefore the number of men at the disposal of General Johnstone cannot be very considerable. Most certainly also General Bragg has fallen back from Tullahoma towards the frontiers of Alabama and Georgia, followed by Rosecranz. This proves conclusively that whilst the army of Rosecranz is still powerful; that of General Bragg has been weakened. On the whole it seems that the South is beginning to suffer from scarcity of men; whilst the taking of Vicksburg must have released a considerable army of Northerners, which may be employed in other quarters. But the further the Northern army penetrates southward the more difficulty will there be in maintaining their communications. And even if General Lee's army should suffer a reverse, it by no means follows that Richmond can be invested from the South.

OUR RELATIONS WITH JAPAN.

TWO Parliamentary debates within the last few days of a moribund session show that there is a prevalent sense

of uneasiness, if not alarm, on the subject of our relations with Japan. The Government vainly try, by the usual official assurances, to satisfy us that the question at issue is really a very small one, and that there is a fair ground for hoping that it may be settled by our receiving the reparation to which we have an unquestionable right. It is far more easy to believe that the course which they are pursuing is right and, indeed, unavoidable, than it is to indulge a very confident expectation that all difficulty will be terminated by Admiral Kuper's exaction of suitable amends for the murder of several British subjects and the violation of obligations solemnly contracted under a treaty. The most inattentive observer can scarcely conceal from himself that the ostensible points of difference between ourselves and the Government of the Tycoon do but occupy the foreground of a much more serious controversy; and that their arrangement would still leave unsettled the great problem of our permanent position in the far East. Although we do not concur in the censure with which Earl Grey visited the policy of the Government, we are willing to admit that he has some warrant for gloomy forebodings. There can be no doubt that the treaties of navigation and commerce with Japan were rather extorted than willingly conceded. The great bulk of the people did not originally share the dislike of the feudal aristocracy for contact with foreigners, but we fear that their experience of the Europeans and Americans, who have resorted to their ports, has been little calculated to inspire any great regard for the new comers. Unless we can succeed in dispelling any hostile feelings on the part of the ruling classes, the stipulations into which we may enter with the Government of Japan, are not unlikely to be broken. Nor is the noble Earl without justification when he argues that under such circumstances one quarrel may easily succeed another, until we are driven into operations and into the use of an amount of force which will ultimately place the empire at the feet of foreign powers, and possibly entail a national disorganization not unlike that which now prevails in China. But although we do not consider these apprehensions altogether visionary, we are not inclined to yield to them so far as to give up our rights which we acquired under Lord Elgin's treaty. The truth is that we cannot, if we would, allow the Japanese to relapse into their old state of isolation. There is no practical use in discussing whether a nation has a right to keep itself apart from the rest of the world. Such a policy becomes simply impossible when more enterprising and vigorous races begin to push their projects of commerce or aggrandisement in its vicinity. A man might as well try to lead the life of a Solitary in a market-place. Sooner or later the weaker and more sluggish must submit to the intrusion of the stronger and more active. We may regret that there is even a chance of anarchy invading the Japanese garden of Eden, but it would not be averted by any self-denial on our part. We might leave the road open to less scrupulous competitors—Russian, American, or French; we might sacrifice some portion of our influence and forfeit much of our *prestige* in this part of the world, but we should not, in the long run, benefit the objects of our misplaced benevolence, by sacrificing to sentiment the interests of British merchants. The irrepressible expansion of commerce has taken us to Japan. Our Government has followed our traders; and both were preceded by the Americans, who extorted the first treaty by a characteristic piece of sharp practice. It would be intolerable that Englishmen should be excluded from privileges possessed by their rivals. They would certainly not submit to the exclusion. Pushing their enterprises without control, and therefore without regard to the feelings and to the prejudices of the natives, they would probably become the victims of a ruthless retaliation. We should scarcely carry our respect for the privileges of the Daimios sufficiently far to endure this. The pusillanimity of withdrawing from the position we had lawfully acquired by treaty, would render it impossible to extort the requisite satisfaction by any save the most extreme measures. We should be plunged ingloriously into the war which we had ingloriously sought to escape; and should incur every danger with which we are now threatened, without having had the satisfaction of saving our honour, or the advantage of holding our own in the Pacific.

It seems to us, therefore, that it was wise to obtain from the Japanese, even under some pressure, a treaty which placed our relations with them on a definite footing, and in so far afforded the best chance of conducting our intercourse in a

peaceful and regular manner. But, at all events, now that we have a treaty, it is impossible that we should allow it to be broken. Indeed, with the exception of Lord Grey, none of those who express most apprehension as to the possible consequences of our policy go the length of advising us to refrain from demanding, or if necessary exacting, reparation for the series of outrages of which we have a right to complain. Up to the present time we have certainly manifested every consideration for the difficulties which are said to embarrass the Government of the Tycoon. For the murder of Sir R. Alcock's interpreter at the door of his house, and for the subsequent attack on the legation, in which Mr. Oliphant was wounded and two marines were assassinated, we demanded only redress of the mildest and most moderate character. We not only agreed to the request presented to us through the embassy of last year, to postpone the opening of all the treaty ports, but obtained the acquiescence of the French, Dutch, and other Governments which possess similar rights. Yet it was at the very time that we were manifesting this conciliatory disposition that Mr. Richardson and his companions were attacked upon a high road to which our countrymen had been expressly admitted by an arrangement with the Japanese authorities. We cannot pass over such an occurrence on the ground that the Tycoon has no power to control the Daimios, and that these great nobles are obstinately opposed to the presence of foreigners in the country. Submission to a wrong, especially with Orientals, acts invariably as a provocation to further injury. If once we permit our power to be despised, we are certain to be driven to a point at which we can only rescue ourselves from contempt by a war on the largest scale. At present it is certain that the Daimios are not unanimous in their hostility to foreigners. As Mr. Layard puts it, there is a Liberal and Conservative party in Japan as elsewhere; and there is at least a far better chance of avoiding the worst evils, by acting at once with firmness and moderation, than there would be if we encouraged our enemies and disheartened our friends by indecisive and half-hearted measures. One chief difficulty arises from a knot of feudal chieftains who are more likely, than a confused multitude, to derive instruction from a severe lesson read to one of their number. The present course of the Tory leaders of Japan seems based upon notions of policy however absurd and mistaken; and they are, therefore, probably open to a conviction of its impolicy by the sort of arguments which have elsewhere been effectual in similar cases. It is not unreasonable to hope that a good effect will be produced by the punishment of Prince Satsuma, whose retainers killed Mr. Richardson. And even if we should be compelled for some time to maintain our footing in Japan by the exhibition of a superior force, a dignified attitude is more likely than anything else to avert the necessity for its use.

It is, however, clear that if we desire to cultivate amicable relations with this singular people, we must take far more effectual steps than we hitherto have done for their protection against the outrages of individual Englishmen. The pioneers of commerce are seldom the most respectable or orderly of the mercantile class. They are often adventurers of the worst description, whose wanton and lawless acts constitute the greatest difficulties with which our diplomatists have to contend in dealing with semi-civilized peoples. That men should have flat faces, wear pig-tails, shave their heads, bathe in tubs before their street doors, and think wild fowl holy birds, seems to these narrow-minded and uneducated Europeans a sufficient reason for inflicting every indignity on beings so fantastical and absurd. Bent only upon the pursuit of individual gain, they are perfectly careless as to the effect upon the permanent interests of commerce, of sending in demands for 250 millions of Japanese coins, or even larger sums, under such names as "Bosh," "Jack Ketch," "No Nose," and "Swindlepipes." When the servant of one of them is arrested because he is found in company with his master who has broken the law by shooting a wild goose, this master at once presumes to interpose between a Japanese subject and Japanese law; and when the police are thus compelled to take him also into custody, he deliberately cocks his gun and fires at one of his captors. For this offence, when tried before the Consular Court, he is punished merely by a sentence of deportation from Japan and by the infliction of a fine, which is immediately paid by his friends. This is not the way to deal with outrages, which, as Sir R. Alcock observes in commenting upon this case, "may here, amongst a sensitive and vindictive

race, involve in massacre and ruin all the foreign residents, or set the spark to a train that will light up a war between two nations." The extra-territorial stipulation by which foreigners in Eastern countries are placed under the authorities of their own nation, no doubt upon the whole conduces to the preservation of peace. If men of the Moss stamp were left to be dealt with by the native courts, acts of cruelty would at times be committed which would arouse a storm of indignation in England, and render war inevitable. But then, if our fellow countrymen are entitled to claim the protection of British officers, these latter must be invested with adequate power to keep them in order. It is too much for Englishmen to expect that they can take the Constitution out to Jeddo; and it is perfectly plain that trial by jury becomes a farce when the jurors are selected from a small community who are certain to have a strong party view either for or against a prisoner. In order to remedy the present inefficiency of the Consular courts, Sir R. Alcock recommends that one or two *puisne* judges should be added to the Superior Court at Hong-Kong, and go circuit amongst the open ports of China and Japan. The suggestion seems a good one; but at present we are only concerned to insist that in some way or other we, and other European nations also, should accompany the protection given to our own subjects, with a corresponding protection to the people whom they are too apt to insult.

LORD CLARENCE PAGET AND LIEUT. TINLING.

IT may be a maxim with Secretaries of the Admiralty and other officials that, like kings, they can do no wrong, but it is a maxim which is apt to make men ignore generosity and to violate justice. We do not suppose that Lord Clarence Paget is remarkable for ill-nature, but we must say that his conduct towards the family and the relatives of poor Lieutenant Tinling, who lost his life the other day in China, displays a lamentable spirit of pettifogging pedantry.

This young officer was the acting lieutenant on board H.M.S. *Encounter*, under the command of Captain Dew, now in China. Captain Dew had the strictest orders from the Admiral upon no account to go thirty miles beyond Ningpo. Instead, however, of obeying these instructions, he proceeded, with his subordinate officers, among whom was Lieutenant Tinling, to take part in the siege of Showshing, far beyond the prescribed limits; and in the course of the operation this young man lost his life. That Captain Dew was guilty of a gross act of disobedience, it is impossible to doubt; and indeed Admiral Kuper distinctly told him that in acting as he had done he had exceeded his instructions. It is undoubtedly of the utmost importance that the British officers in China should sternly repress all attempts to take part in the desultory war which is now carried on between the Taepings and the Imperialists. The Admiralty would be perfectly justified in administering a severe rebuke to Captain Dew for his disobedience. But whatever was done in this affair was done by command of the captain. Indeed, in a letter addressed to the Admiral, who had sent to know under what circumstances Lieutenant Tinling lost his life, Captain Dew, with the generosity of feeling which becomes his high character, declared "that he held himself responsible for the sad fate of that young and promising officer." How could it be otherwise? The captain of a man-of-war must be obeyed, and Lieutenant Tinling obeyed his captain. Is it to be said that any acting lieutenant or "able seaman" is to question the propriety of his captain's commands? Is any one of them to be at liberty to call for the instructions under which his captain is acting, to put upon them his own interpretation, or to refuse obedience until the decision of the Admiral on the station or of the Board of Admiralty in London is obtained? Imagine the condition of a fleet, or even of a single ship, hundreds or thousands of miles from headquarters if every officer or every man were permitted to question the commands of his superior officer. The idea is preposterous. If a subordinate officer displays alacrity and courage in obeying his captain's orders is he to be visited with censure because his captain has violated his instructions? If in the execution of some hazardous enterprise a young man displays extraordinary coolness and courage, is he to be stigmatised as foolhardy and insubordinate, because the enterprise was undertaken in violation of instructions of which he knew and could know nothing? Upon what principle

is an officer, who sacrifices his life in obeying the orders of his captain, to be converted into an "amateur" and a "busy-body," because his Captain made a mistake in construing his instructions.

Such a theory is so monstrously unjust and impracticable that the attempt to put it into practice might seem too daring even for an official in the House of Commons. But, unfortunately, Lord Clarence Paget is not ashamed to stoop to so heartless a subterfuge. He cannot understand how poor young Tinling can be said "to have died in the service of his country." He cannot admit that he was wrong in asserting "that this gallant young officer lost his life through his own indiscretion, and when acting as an amateur." He is, of course, deeply grieved that anything he has said should give pain to a "respectable family," and to a young man whom he has known personally; but his duty to his country forbids him to apologize for the slur which he has cast on a young officer's character. Nobody denies that the authorities are quite right to set their faces against British captains mixing themselves up in the hostilities between Imperialist and Taeping. But in order to obtain this laudable end it cannot be necessary to violate the principles of ordinary justice, and to stigmatize a gallant young officer who has died in the performance of his duties, as an "indiscreet amateur." Lord Clarence Paget should remember that the reputation of a youth who has fallen in battle may be dear to some he has left behind; and that if the conduct of such high-spirited lads as Lieutenant Tinling is to be criticised in this spirit of perverse and ungenerous pedantry, the Admiralty will find it less easy than hitherto to fill up the list of naval cadets.

THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

CONSIDERING how momentous are the English interests engaged in Mexico, how large the amount of English capital invested in loans to the State and in commercial enterprizes, and to what an extent our future trade and political standing in Central America may be influenced by the direction given to affairs at the present time, the apathy of the public and the inaction of our Government are inexplicable. But of the real state of affairs there Europe knows next to nothing, for the scanty information that arrives here comes through channels liable to the suspicion of partiality. We may be very sure that *Maréchal Forey* will not report anything, and the French Government will allow nothing to be published, adverse to French policy. The news that comes from New York is from Mexican sources, tainted in its passage by the Monroe doctrine and by Yankee antipathies, often falsified by the fertile invention of the American press, so as to be completely untrustworthy. The *Times*' correspondent is committed to the policy of intervention, and never ceases to deplore the withdrawal of England, though his views are not endorsed at home. All three disagree upon the simplest facts. *Maréchal Forey* contradicts the New York press, and the *Times*' correspondent contradicts the *Maréchal* though in his camp. Sir Martin Wyke is roaming in the enjoyment of what is virtually a sinecure; English consuls are withdrawn or have ceased to act officially; and the English reader is reduced to construct an account of events from the scanty, disjointed, and scattered details that appear from time to time.

The best map of that portion of Mexico which is the scene of the French operations is a small sheet, lithographed and printed at the topographical department of the War Office under the direction of Major A. C. Cooke, R.E., and issued last year; but even this is very defective. Although compiled apparently from French sources, it does not contain several towns or villages and important sites named in *Maréchal Forey*'s despatches, so that it is by no means easy to follow the movements of the army under his command. Mr. Wild has issued no map later than 1848, which is both indistinct and imperfect; while, as for the Spanish maps, not the slightest reliance can be placed upon them. That of Lopez, published 1785, places the city of Mexico to the south-east of Mexicalcingo instead of to the north-east, and it shows the three lakes—Tescuco, Jochimilco, and Chalco—to the north-east and west of Mexico, while the two last are to the south-west, and Lake Chalco to the north of Lake Jochimilco, whereas it is to the south-west of it. The French maps, except those in the Ministère de la Guerre, are the best next to the one issued by our own War Office.

But in the atlas by Dufour, published in 1860, which the reader would most probably refer to, there are many grave omissions, and the scale is so small as to render it unserviceable except to convey a more general notion of the relative positions of the principal cities. However, we will endeavour to trace the progress of the French expeditionary army since the capture of Puebla.

The surrender of Puebla, it will be remembered, took place on the 17th of May. That city had stood a siege of two months, defended by General Ortega, with 12,000 soldiers, and the extraordinary disproportion of 1,000 officers, including 26 generals and 225 colonels. The victorious French General, Forey—since created *maréchal* for this exploit—visited the defences. He reports that the city has not suffered so much from the bombardment as from the construction of the defensive works, for the whole of the interior was converted into a series of detached works, which the character of the structures permitted and facilitated. "The Mexicans displayed unheard-of activity and fertility of invention in the defence;" but the fort of Santa Inez, from which the French were repulsed, "might have been taken if the attack had been better supported." The *Times*' correspondent writes that, "Defended with ordinary resolution, Puebla might have held out for months against any force that could have been brought against it." But on a question of military defence the public will probably prefer the opinion of a soldier like *Maréchal Forey* to that of a civilian, however well acquainted with the country he may be; and who appears to forget that an unnecessarily protracted defence is regarded and punished as a military crime, since it involves an unjustifiable waste of life. At the surrender of the city the officers were sent to Vera Cruz to be embarked for France. On the road six of them, Ortega Llave (so spelt in the official despatches, though the *Times* has Lallave), Pinson, Potoni, Garcia, and Pinti, broke their parole and escaped. Of the privates some were employed to remove the barricades and repave the streets, while 2,000 were sent to Cordova to repair the roads. True to the spirit of organization, the first care of the *Maréchal* was to nominate a provisional *ayuntamiento*, and to convoke the electors to appoint a permanent one; he also re-established the land-transit duties.

From Puebla the road to Mexico proceeds a little way north and then forks out into three directions. The one to the left passes by Cholula and Istacihualt to the north of Lake Chalco, where it unites with the north road a little to the westward of Buena Vista; but as it was not used for the French advances we can afford to neglect it. The intermediate road does not appear to have been used, or, if it were, only to a slight extent, and the main advance of the French was along the north road. In fact, *Maréchal Forey*'s occupation of that line of road covered the other two from military aggression, for had any of the Mexican troops ventured upon them they would have had their retreat cut off, as well as have been separated from their base, by the simple continuation of the French advance to Buena Vista.

After organizing a municipal Government at Puebla and installing a garrison, consisting of one regiment of Zouaves, a battalion of marines, a troop of horse chasseurs, and a detachment of artillery—about 2,000 Frenchmen, to which were added 300 Mexican cavalry under General Chalco, and 150 irregulars under Colonel Trujeque, with Colonel Brincourt commandant,—the general advance was made. Previously to that, Bertier's brigade was sent forward to occupy San Martin, which is on the northern road and about halfway between Puebla and Buena Vista. On the same day, 22nd of May, *Maréchal Forey* reports he had sent convoys to Atlisco and Matamoros (?). Unless the latter be a misprint in the published editions of the *Maréchal*'s despatches, it is evident that that movement has been commenced which has been long expected, and which was generally believed to be the real and ultimate object of the expedition. To that, however, we will refer presently in order not to interrupt the narrative of the French advance on Mexico. Four days after the occupation of San Martin, General Bazaine, who was the working general at the siege of Puebla, left the latter town with the brigade of General Castagny and the "services" of the 1st division, accompanied by the Mexican General de Mirandol, for San Martin, where he arrived on the 27th, and sent forward a detachment to occupy what the *Maréchal* calls Puerta Tezmelucan, but which is marked on our War-Office map Venta de Tezmelucos. The next day General Bazaine made an extensive

and thorough reconnaissance, and discovered Mexican cavalry at Rio Frio in advance of the pass through which the road runs to the capital. Not knowing, probably, the strength of the enemy, or whether or not he intended to make a stand before the capital and in advance of Buena Vista—a site fatal to Mexican independence—General Bazaine executed a very clever manœuvre. While he held the line of the north road and faced Rio Frio, covering completely the intermediate road, he detached on the 28th Marques, who really seems to be the best officer Mexico has produced, across country to take the intermediate road, and make a dash on Venta de Cordova, which is on the city side of the pass, and consequently in the rear of the Mexicans stationed at Rio Frio. The movement was completely successful. The Mexicans were alarmed, and after exchanging a few harmless shots they retreated rapidly, leaving the road open to the capital. On the 30th, Bertier was sent on to Rio Frio, and General Bazaine established himself, with the rest of his division, at Puente Tezmelucan, the intervening day being employed in repairing the road. The same day a convoy of waggons was sent to the 1st division at Buena Vista. Hitherto the movement of this corps had been kept secret, as the Maréchal deemed it desirable that the enemy should remain in ignorance of his intention to make Buena Vista the point of concentration of the French troops for an advance on the capital. The defeat of the Mexican scheme for defence by General Bazaine's manœuvre rendered secrecy no longer necessary. Accordingly, Marques was pushed on to Ayotla—in the War Office map Ayolla,—Bertier's brigade to Buena Vista, and Bazaine established himself with his division at Rio Frio, all on the 1st June. On the 2nd, General Douay left with the major part of his division and its "services" for Buena Vista, and thus the concentration of the invading army was effected, while its lines of communication were secured. The same day the Spanish, Prussian, and United States Consuls arrived at Puebla as a deputation from the *ayuntamiento* of the capital to Maréchal Forey. They stated that, on the 31st May, Juarez had left for San Luis Potosi, a city of 40,000 inhabitants, about 150 miles to the north of Mexico, taking with him a million and a half sterling and some 7,000 soldiers. Volunteers, to the number of 500 or 600, had taken up arms to maintain order in the city, and the deputation on behalf of the *ayuntamiento* solicited the Maréchal to occupy the city. To so agreeable a request no time was lost in giving a prompt reply. General Bazaine received orders to march on Mexico, then covered by the rearguard of General la Garza. Marques was despatched to San Christobal and Cuantelan to cover the city from guerillas. And on the 15th of last month the Maréchal, at the head of 15,000 men, entered the capital amid what he terms the "delirious enthusiasm" of the citizens. That he was well received is undoubted. Since then, Chiaca and other provinces have pronounced in favour of French occupation.

Now the serious difficulties of France will begin. The last returns showed that the Maréchal had 38,000 men under arms, and that was before the last reinforcements sent out from Europe had arrived. When it is remembered that there are 15,000 men in Mexico, between 2,000 and 3,000 in Puebla, besides the garrison at Vera Cruz and the smaller garrisons echeloned along the road to preserve the lines of communication, it will be evident that the present force cannot be much inferior to what it was last stated at. To this must be added the Mexican army, reorganized for the service of French interests, and which at the latest date consisted of 7,300 men and 1,100 horses. Among them prisoners were incorporated, and France supplied artillery, so that Maréchal Forey commands between 40,000 and 50,000 men, of whom at least half are available for offensive operations in the field. The loss by wounds and sickness has not been great. Since the opening of the campaign there have been 185 killed and 1,118 wounded, of whom many have died. The yellow fever broke out in May, and carried off Colonel Labrousse, with many others. There were in June 822 sick in the hospital and 262 in the convalescent dépôt at Puebla, besides 120 in the convalescent dépôt at San Martin, making 1,204 absent from duty, which, assuming the army to number 40,000, would be thirty per thousand, or more than one-third of the highest per-centage of sickness in the most unhealthy parts of India, while the country now occupied by the French is very healthy. This fact alone is sufficient to enable the

reader to form an idea of the fearful cost to France of intervention in Mexico. When will it end? We fear our neighbours are not likely to see the drain upon their youth and purse cease for many a day, with the example of the time the temporary occupation of Rome has lasted, unless a war in Europe should necessitate its prompt termination. Maréchal Forey has made every preparation for a long protectorate or intervention, and with that view has incurred a heavy outlay. He has commenced the construction of a railroad, on which 950 men are constantly employed besides the prisoners. Rails are already laid for a distance of nearly 4 miles; $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles of earthworks have been completed, and about a mile is in hand; 400 tons of rails have been received, 300 more are daily expected, in addition to 20,000 tons at no very distant date. The road to Pulga was expected to be finished on the 15th of June. A bridge has been built at Soledad over the Jamapa, and a blockhouse on the opposite bank, to serve as a *tête-de-pont* for the protection of the structure. All this does not look as if the expeditionary army contemplated a prompt return to Europe.

The reader will have noticed that Maréchal Forey speaks of the despatch of a convoy to Matamoras. If this be not a typographical error, or the name of some village or town between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico, it must refer to the port on the Rio Grande. Yet it seems hardly probable that a convoy should be sent there when the sea is open, and affords the safest as well as the easiest means of transit. But should the French occupy Matamoras, or as it is more generally written Matamoros,—for which they have every excuse in the flight of Juarez in that direction, and in the fact that through that port he receives his supplies of powder, arms, and war materials,—it is impossible to overrate the importance of the occupation upon the American civil war. The presence of French men-of-war in the river and off the coast would secure the neutrality of the port. Warlike stores of all kinds would be shipped thither in perfect security, landed, and stored without fear of molestation, until a convenient opportunity occurred for conveying them across the river into Texas, whence they would be conveyed into the Confederate States. The carriage would be costly, but that would not be weighed against the importance of being able to draw upon the workshops and stores of Europe as freely and securely as the Northerners do. A regular postal service would be organized, and in fact the blockade evaded. Yet the North could scarcely venture to declare war against France for causing her flag to be respected, and keeping within the strict limits of international law; while at the same time the Emperor Napoleon will have served the South more effectually than if he had intervened by arms.

SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL'S KNEE.

THE accident that has so recently happened to the accomplished and laborious judge who presides over the Divorce Court will be deeply regretted by the public. For some years Sir Cresswell Cresswell has discharged the duties of a most disagreeable and difficult office with extraordinary ability; and there is not a judge on the bench whose judicial reputation stands more high. In consequence of the lamentable injury his lordship has suffered, the sittings of the Divorce Court have necessarily been suspended until November. During the long interval the tutelary genius of conjugal justice must go lame. We are afraid that a great deal of unhappiness will be produced in domestic circles by the sad condition of Sir Cresswell Cresswell's knee. The Psalmist tells us that we are not to delight ourselves in any man's legs. There are exceptions to every rule, and it is not improper perhaps to say that Sir Cresswell Cresswell's leg will be an object of the tenderest solicitude to all married couples during the summer months. It is about a year since General Garibaldi was shot in the leg at Aspromonte. Upon that occasion the ladies of Italy did themselves infinite credit by the prompt way in which they came forward to minister to the comfort and to rally round the couch of the prostrate lion. Some sent lint and bandages. Some contributed fruit and flowers. Others gave locks of their own hair and their best prayers for the hero's recovery. All were ready to do something; and one feminine enthusiast despatched a water-bed from Paris to the rescue. It would not be inappropriate upon the present occasion were the ladies of Great Britain to organize some similar movement which might bear testimony to the high value set by them upon his lordship's health, and to the sympathy with which they regard the misfortune that has accidentally befallen him. The French residents at Constantinople have a

proverb by which they express their sense of the tardiness of Turkish justice. "Le Sultan"—so runs the saying—"fait la chasse aux gazelles sur un âne boiteux." The gazelles of the Divorce Court are in the habit of being hunted in a much more efficacious way. Nobody can complain that the justice there administered is accustomed to limp on the hunting path. It is difficult to suggest an exactly suitable idea which would suit all subscribers to such a testimonial, but when found, the testimonial in question certainly should be inscribed with a motto, which, like the Turkish proverb, might be allegorical, and at the same time might contain a classical allusion to Sir Cresswell Cresswell's knee-cap. This would be better than any of those mere commonplace generalities about English hearths and homes that will spring unbidden to every imaginative mind, at the intelligence that his lordship had been in danger of his life. If Dr. Watts was alive, he would have solved the difficulty by a couplet in the English tongue, expressive of the joy which a certain personage—who shall be nameless—doubtless experiences "when he sees the state of Sir Cresswell Cresswell's knees." As Dr. Watts is not alive, it seems almost hopeless to do justice to the subject without having recourse to a more classical language. The best course perhaps would be to order a statue of the eminent judge in question as he appears when pursuing offenders against matrimonial peace, and to engross beneath it—

"Antecedentem scelestum
Prosequitur pede Poena claudâ."

Sir Cresswell Cresswell's temporary inaction will produce the same kind of choking domestic distress that would be experienced if St. George's, Hanover Square, were to be shut up in order to undergo thorough repair, and if it were the English law that nobody could under any circumstances lawfully be married elsewhere. When anybody is going to be married, the slightest delay always seems intolerable. It is exactly the same thing when people are going to be separated. The law and Sir Cresswell Cresswell in such a case can hardly separate them quickly enough. There are two things that always try the patience of the most robust and practised Christian philosopher. The first is, at the beginning of a railway journey, when he has to walk up and down the station waiting for the arrival of the train. The second is, at the end of a railway journey, when the other passengers in the carriage persist in getting out of the train before him, and he is kept until the very last. Human nature cannot stand these long and aggravated delays, during which every minute seems a half-hour, and every half-hour a month. It is very much the same when he is delayed at the matrimonial railway-station, either at the beginning or the close of his journey. The disabling of the learned judge creates the same universal dismay and embarrassment—though of course upon a larger and more important scale—that would result if on the arrival of the Scottish mail all the carriage doors were discovered to be locked, and all the railway officials had gone home to luncheon. During the next four months all persecuted husbands and wives are as badly off as if the Archbishop of Canterbury had laid the kingdom under an interdict and forbidden the use of the marriage service. Any husband in this happy period of immunity and licence may pull his wife's hair in safety. Nothing can be done to him in vacation time. He has as fair an excuse for toasting the carriage pole that ran into Sir Cresswell Cresswell's horse as the Jacobites had for toasting the mob that upset William III. At the time of the institution of the Divorce Court opinions ran very high on either side of the disputed question whether or no its institution was desirable. Society will now have a little time to reflect whether or no it could do without Sir Cresswell Cresswell. It is certain that without him we should hardly recognize the daily newspapers. The number of sensation trials would be grievously thinned, and we should no longer have those numerous revelations of domestic history the perusal of which forms so melancholy a part of the business of the day. Yet, looking at the crimes and follies which it is the function of the Divorce Court to punish and repress, we may be pardoned for believing that while Sir C. Cresswell is absent from his wonted seat, the right arm of Justice is paralyzed for a time.

It would not be unnatural if a judge in such a Court, whose daily mission is to investigate the most hideous side of human nature, were to conceive a disgust for his own species, and to be carried away by the feeling that English society, as well as foreign society, was rotten to its very core. Man, it might reasonably be supposed, delights not him, nor woman neither. Conjugal fidelity appears to him to be a fiction of the milder poets, and Mr. Coventry Patmore, the gentle songster of St. Valentine's-day and wedded peace, at times almost assumes the character of a harmless lunatic.

Reading the morbid details that it is the interest of the daily reporter to force upon his audience, even an English public is tempted to grow incredulous of virtue and to believe that vice and weakness is the universal law. The lighter literature of the day catches the general tone upon the subject, and reproduces upon its pages, as if it were the law and the rule, a state of things which charity would wish to think the exception. On being charged with weakly pandering to a morbid state, authors defend themselves boldly upon the ground that "such things are," and point, or seem to point, in justification of themselves, to the scandalous chronicles of the day. The plea is a paltry and a worthless one until the novelists of the day have made good the claim they are always urging to be considered as so many Daniels come to judgment. We may be excused for doubting whether the sensation writers of the circulating libraries are fitted, by their experience or their discretion, for the dangerous task of depicting the weak side of men and women. But that their plea is even tolerated is a proof of the effect of familiarity with criminal details upon the mind. There are many who are beginning to believe that Rotten-row is not so inappropriate a name for the most fashionable lounge of Vanity Fair. The censorious remark is growing common that the conversation even of delicate women is becoming lighter and less refined. The veil is being gradually torn that has hitherto removed the vices of one half of the world from the sight and knowledge of the other. Till recently on many subjects ignorance was bliss, and it would have seemed sheer folly to be wise. This theory is losing its popularity day by day, and the innocent are perceptibly less innocent than they were. Any sceptical view of human nature is fraught with such evil consequences, that it is worth doing much to arrest its progress. Society would owe a great deal to anybody who would wade through the annals of the Divorce Court in a spirit of truthful and scientific inquiry, and let us know the result of his inquiries. If we are to acquiesce in the general conclusion that society is rotten, let us at least know upon what classifications and on what data so sweeping a conclusion is to be founded. In what ranks and under what conditions of life is it that virtue may be asserted to be almost apocryphal? and what are the statistics that justify us in thinking so? Let us have statistics and facts instead of vague and unphilosophical generalizations. Some classes in society, no doubt, cannot fairly be judged by what we should find recorded in Sir Cresswell Cresswell's notes. It is probable that the very highest circles in society keep clear of the awkward and distressing scandal that proceedings in the Divorce Court would entail. There are many who prefer enduring their wrongs in silence, to dragging noble names through the mire. There are many more who may be willing to purchase licence and immunity for themselves by closing their eyes conveniently to what is around them. On the other hand, the poorest classes cannot be said to avail themselves of the Court in question except on rare and exceptional occasions. Often their standard of morality, like the standard of many of their betters, is not even up to the morality of the Divorce Court. The expense of matrimonial litigation, which is necessarily great, seems, perhaps, to most of them even greater than it is. But the common social life of many intermediate classes could not but be illustrated, with more or less accuracy, by what we should find there. It would be most desirable to collect in a systematic form such information respecting it as is accessible. In what professions, in what trades, in what towns, and among what incomes does vice appear to run a regular course? How largely and in what proportion does India contribute to the total sum? No walk in life would probably be found to be exempt, and pharisaical complacency would be out of place in all. Yet, as a social and political study, it would be of use to analyze the mass of undigested information that lies before our very feet. All men are certainly fallible alike; yet education and social training, we have a right to assume, make a vast difference between man and man. What is the real extent and value of the difference? Are the educated classes—as we incline to think—free, as a whole, from most of the pollutions that contaminate both rich and poor? That the contagion is general we do not believe. There are numberless circles within the great circle of English society where conjugal infidelity is probably entirely unknown. They hear rumours of it in the outer world, but the wave never arrives so far as their own vicinity or acquaintance. Upon all these interesting points, statistics would be of incalculable service to us, and nothing except accurate statistics can be of the slightest use. If one-twentieth part of the frivolous and fashionable novelists, who please themselves by describing what they imagine to be the real state of English society, had the patience or the intellect requisite for such a task, they might spend their time to better purpose, though the matter they

supply to their publishers might neither be as piquant nor as saleable.

Nor could such a rational and philosophical inquiry fail to throw a strong light on human life and character. There are a hundred commonplaces whose truth we hardly appreciate, until we receive, on a sudden, a startling, a glowing confirmation. We should be forcibly taught a thousand lessons that in theory we seem to know by heart. The value of strict conventionalities, the peril of dubious positions, the wisdom of a multitude of commonplaces would at once become apparent. We should learn by palpable proofs the real dangers of a celibate clergy—of undue spiritual influence over the mind—of careless habits of impropriety—of a neglected training of the young. Other and more recondite features of human character—with which social philosophy is less perfectly acquainted—would also be brought to light. We should acquire a curious insight into the progress and development of human passion, and into the forms it frequently assumes. Anybody who would take the trouble carefully to go through the details of the cases tried in the Divorce Court would gather an extraordinary harvest of information about the character of women in particular that in a scientific point of view would be invaluable. He would occasionally light upon the most singular revelations: how great weakness, passion, and misery are constantly united to a kind of wild religious exaltation—how the weak and the vicious have a tendency to invest their follies with a species of spiritual fanaticism—under what circumstances disgust and satiety succeed to extravagance and excess in men and women respectively. All this and a variety of social truths both wonderful and rare would be the fruit of a search conducted as we describe. The book lies there. Only the hand to open it, and the brain to classify and digest what is to be read there, appear wanting.

TRANSPORTATION AND PENAL SERVITUDE.

THE outbreak of the dangerous classes at the beginning of last winter has, like all other public phenomena, produced its blue-book, or rather, in this case, blue-books. The interval since November has been sufficiently long to allow us to become a little ashamed of the wild exaggeration and panic to which London was then a prey, but it is still matter of congratulation that these blue-books have appeared so late in the session that no action can be taken upon them this year. The Report itself is moderate and trustworthy; but there yet remains enough ground-swell in the public mind to sanction a course of mischievous legislation.

It will be remembered that in December last a Commission was appointed to inquire into the operation of the Penal Servitude Statutes. A contemporary, whose memory on the whole subject of secondary punishments is unhappily faulty, says the inquiry was forced upon the Government at the beginning of the session; in truth, however, it was forced upon Sir George Grey by the public excitement prevalent before the session began. The Commissioners appointed were Earl Grey, Lord Naas, Lord Cranworth, Lord Chelmsford, Mr. Bouverie, Sir John Pakington, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Henley, the Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, Mr. Waddington, the Recorder of London, the O'Connor Don, and Mr. Childers, and with one important exception the Commission was very fairly constituted. In an inquiry so closely affecting the interests of the Australian colonies, it would have been well if they had been represented by more than one member. Mr. Childers stood alone as an exponent of colonial opinion, for Lord Grey's long tenure of the seals of the Colonial Office was unhappily not marked by any agreement between him and the colonies which would warrant us in looking upon him as their representative. It is not surprising that when Mr. Childers divided the Commission on the subject of transportation he found himself in a minority of one.

The system of punishment which formed the subject of the Commissioners' inquiry has been decried as the production of theorists, but in reality it has been in the main built up on cautious experiment and amendment. Its main features are sufficiently known: the convict condemned to penal servitude for a term of years, three and upwards (convicts condemned to penal servitude for life are treated separately, and, as a rule, never afterwards released), is first kept in separate confinement with hard labour for about nine months, after which he is drafted off to Chatham, Portsmouth, Portland, or Gibraltar if able-bodied, to Dartmoor or Woking if an invalid, and in these places he is associated with other convicts on public works. The convicts on these works are divided into three classes, and, if industrious and well conducted, are credited with small weekly sums; they are also entitled, unless the right be forfeited by idleness or misconduct, to a remission of part of their sentence, varying from one-sixth in cases of sentences

of three years to one-third in sentences of fifteen years and upwards. When released upon a remission of his sentence, the convict receives a ticket or licence, which bears an endorsement declaring that it is revocable in case of misconduct, association with notoriously bad characters, or in case of the convict leading an idle and dissolute life; part of the weekly payments with which he has been credited, not exceeding £5, is paid to the convict on being released; the remainder is paid by instalments upon proof of continued good conduct; but a convict may on his release put himself under the Prisoners' Aid Society, in which case the whole sum due to him is paid over to the Society to be applied for his benefit. To this scheme it must be added that the evidence showed that as a matter of fact little or no surveillance was exercised over convicts at large. A certain number of selected convicts have been annually sent to Western Australia, our only remaining convict colony. It was inevitable that in a scheme so complex as this, inquiry would bring to light some errors in detail and some mistakes in management, but out of the thirteen Commissioners appointed, ten agreed upon a Report which recommends that the general plan of convict-punishment should be preserved unaltered; but they suggest greater severity in the case of re-convictions, a strict supervision over convicts at large, and (Mr. Childers dissenting) increased transportation to Western Australia. Of the other three Commissioners, Lord Chelmsford was unable from the first to take part in the proceedings; Mr. Henley curtly refused to recommend the continuance of tickets-of-leave at home; and the Lord Chief Justice has written an elaborate memorandum against the ticket-of-leave system.

When out of thirteen men of ability, ten are agreed in opinion, there is some probability that their judgment is right. The *Times*, however, assures us that in this case such a conclusion would be erroneous. The Report signed by the ten is declared to be not worth reading, whilst the memorandum of the Lord Chief Justice is sensible, authoritative, and the sooner it is acted upon the better. We confess to having some distrust of the opinion of the *Times* upon the question, and when we examine into the matter our distrust is confirmed. That journal has been content to re-echo the vulgarist outcry of the ignorant and unthinking. The Lord Chief Justice is, however, on the same side, and we are bound to inquire into the reasons of his opinion. What is our astonishment at discovering upon examination that the Lord Chief Justice never once attended the Commission during the whole of its inquiry. He appears, from the minutes, to have been present on two occasions when the Commission was considering its report, but on one of them we search in vain for his name on the division lists. When the witnesses attended and were examined, he was, as we have said, never present once. We need not tell so able a *nisi prius* advocate as Sir Alexander Cockburn the enormous difference in value between the judgments founded on oral and on written testimony. The advantage of seeing and examining the witnesses and of judging their mental calibre the Lord Chief Justice never enjoyed, and his memorandum is simply the opinion of a man of great cleverness upon the minutes of evidence before him. Neither as a statesman nor as a lawyer did Sir Alexander Cockburn give any evidence of being a philosophical jurist; no one would accuse so busy a man of wasting his time in inquiry and reflection upon the punishment of crime. His memorandum is, therefore, of no greater quality than the opinion of the writer in the *Times*. Lord Chelmsford, though he took no part in the proceedings, might have written a document of equal authority. We do not say, as the *Times* said of the report of the other Commissioners, that it is not worth reading—on the contrary, it is able, and contains some valuable suggestions; but we do not hesitate to say that, as a reasoner, we shall find the Lord Chief Justice guilty of the two great faults, first of having been bewildered by words, secondly of having followed his argument to its first but not to its second consequence.

Let us examine the memorandum of the Lord Chief Justice. The first objection to the present system is that the labour of the convict is not hard enough and his diet is too good. These are points which fairly deserve inquiry; and it may be doubted whether a uniform period of nine months' separate confinement, preparatory to labour on public works, is judicious. There seems no reason why this first period should not vary from nine to eighteen months, in proportion to the length of the convict's sentence. This objection is, however, an objection to the details rather than to the plan of the punishment. The second objection is made to the practice of "remission of punishment." No phrase has given rise to more misconception than this. Suppose a judge condemning the convict to punishment says to him, "I condemn you to ten years' certain imprisonment; but if, at the end of that time, you

have been found to be idle and disorderly, you will be imprisoned for a further period of five years; and if, when you are released after ten years' good conduct in prison, you relapse into bad habits or use bad associates, you will, without any fresh conviction, be liable to be imprisoned for the rest of the five years." Or, again, suppose him to say, "I condemn you to fifteen years' imprisonment; but if, at the end of ten years, your conduct has been good, you will be set at liberty; and if, &c." What is the difference between the two sentences? None whatever; they are simply two ways of describing the same fact. Remission of sentence might as aptly be described as addition of sentence. Yet the arguments which are used against the practice fall to the ground directly the true nature of the fact is understood. And there is ample evidence that, as far as prisoners themselves at least are concerned, the fact is fully understood. The question of supervision of convicts at large is of course subsidiary to that of granting tickets-of-leave. The Chief Justice quotes the evidence of the late Sir Joshua Jebb, which he considers conclusive; but we venture to doubt whether it is so in reality, whilst on the other hand the experience in Ireland speaks all the other way. There the practice of supervision works extremely well. The same practice is successful in Belgium. And we are inclined to hold that the ten Commissioners have come to the right verdict on the evidence, in recommending a stringent supervision for the future. In approaching the next question we encounter the true motives of those who oppose the granting of tickets-of-leave. Shall we return to the practice of transportation? If we do not, it is evident that sooner or later the convicts will return upon society. But convicts at large are a nuisance; they are the "irrepressible negro" of English civilization: let us by all means transport them and get rid of them. This is the logic of the *Times*, and Sir Alexander Cockburn endorses it. Send the convict to the colonies, he says, "where he may become a useful member of society, and at all events will trouble this country no more." Unluckily the logic is as shortsighted as it is selfish. If only people could remember things which happened more than six months ago! Thirty years since, Archbishop Whately wrote a book on Transportation, which is still accessible; the late Sir George C. Lewis, about the same time, wrote on the same subject; later, Sir William Molesworth got a Committee on it; then, a few years ago, Mr. Childers had another Committee. If anything is certain, these books and committee-reports make it certain, (1) that transportation not only soon ceased to deter persons from crime, but provoked them to it; (2) that Western Australia is only willing to receive our best, and will not take those we wish to be rid of, our worst convicts; (3) that the effect upon the unhappy colony is brutalizing beyond expression. We say nothing of the enormous expense: what has the Chief Justice to say to the other facts? Nothing, but a poor "I cannot but think."

The first of these facts is sufficient to condemn transportation: attempting to get rid of our criminals by this method, is like the conduct of the Irishman who lengthened his quilt by cutting off a piece at the top and fastening it on at the bottom. It is by a similar test that penal servitude must be tried; imperfectly as it has been administered, that system has proved sufficiently formidable to prevent criminals from relapsing into crime. "Even in the year 1862"—we are quoting the memorandum of the Lord Chief Justice—"so remarkable for the increase of crime, the proportion of persons reconvicted after prior sentences to penal servitude had decreased from 25 per cent. to 21 per cent." What its effect may be upon persons ready to lapse into crime cannot be so easily determined. Down to the last year the convictions had, on the whole, steadily declined in number; and although last year saw a startling increase, it is impossible to trace it to the system of punishment adopted. That cause ought to have acted before, and in truth it is not easy to discover the source of the outrages of last autumn. But our limits warn us to reserve this discussion for another opportunity.

THE NEW FRENCH JULIET.

It must, no doubt, be a very clever young lady, who, six weeks ago, could not speak a word of English, and who can now recite a part of over a hundred lengths. No doubt, also, it says a great deal for her courage, that a young lady, and a foreigner, should have undertaken such an arduous part. But the question for the critic is, whether Mademoiselle Stella Colas, whose name is displayed upon all the dead walls and upon all the advertising boards of London,—she who, at the Princess's Theatre four nights a-week, comes on at the summons of her nurse, falls in love with Romeo, talks to him from her balcony, is married to him at the friar's cell, takes leave of him in her bedroom, obtains the potion from the friar, and after suffering in anticipation more than the

horrors of death, takes off the draught, falls senseless upon her bed, and is closed in, but has to appear the next minute, smiling and happy, to receive the congratulations of the audience upon the momentous step she has just taken,—whether this young lady gives any idea of the Juliet of our English Shakespeare. It is with some regret that we feel obliged to say, No. But we really cannot, because a lady is young, pretty, foreign, and ambitious, shut our eyes to the faults of her performance. We feel obliged to say that, in our opinion, the Juliet of Miss Stella Colas is a failure. In saying this we do not impeach her native powers. In her own language, and in her own land, she is perhaps a very charming actress. What we say is, that this French actress, acting an English play, in the English tongue, before an English audience, has failed. It is an ungrateful task to point out a lady's faults, but she may bring herself to book. Let her take her Shakespeare, and open it at a play called "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark." Let her turn to the second scene of the third act. She will find that Hamlet tells the players to "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue." Let her read on carefully till she comes to "imitated humanity so abominably." Then let her close the book and ask herself the following questions:—Did I, from the beginning of the play to the end, speak any speech trippingly on the tongue? Did I use all gently? Did I not at times tear the passion to tatters? Was discretion of any kind my tutor when I undertook the part? Did I suit the action to the word; or if I did, what was the good of doing so when the word was made quite unintelligible by my pronunciation of the English language? To all these questions there can be but one answer. It is, No. Mademoiselle Stella Colas must herself be aware that to speak any English speech "trippingly" is quite out of her power. The audience cannot but indeed feel some pity for that pretty mouth tortured with those great angular words of ours, and struggling with our clumsy consonants. If Demosthenes, in his anxiety to cure his defective powers of speech, had taken a pebble too many, the result must have been very like this. But we think her impersonation of Juliet faulty in another respect. We think—must we say it?—that at times Miss Stella Colas ranted. She is a very loud Juliet; a very noisy Juliet. How could a young lady make all that noise in her bedroom, in the silence of the night, without rousing the parish or bringing in old Capulet to see what was going on? Take the garden scene. If Juliet had really been apprehensive of her kinsmen catching Romeo under her window; if she had been in earnest when she said—

"I would not for the world they saw thee here,"—

would she have told her love as if she wished all Verona to be witness to her vows? Any one who has seen one of the night police making love to a housemaid, or a Life-Guardsman courting a cook—whoever has done anything of the kind himself,—must know that however warm the subject of conversation, or fair the object of adoration, there is something about the night season that enforces upon all, cats excepted, a low tone of voice. Why, Juliet says, in this very scene:—

"Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo."

But Mademoiselle Stella Colas, while she kept her word as regards the hoarseness, *did* "speak aloud"—very loud—and *did* tear "the cave where echo lies." Indeed, her voice was a little too loud through the whole play. We are not now referring to her more passionate scenes. But every actor knows that in studying a part he must take into account the character of the audience before whom it is to be acted. He must try to place himself in the position of a spectator, and from that position review his own design for the representation of the part. If this be necessary in the case of any actor or actress, it must have been of the last importance in Mdle. Stella Colas' case—an actress going to a strange country, to act in a strange language, before a strange audience. The character she had selected for representation was that of a young, innocent, exquisitely sweet, and graceful lady. Now according to English ideas, we never find these qualities combined with a loud voice and a rather boisterous manner. It is of no use telling us that the idea of the character is strictly correct; that Juliet was an Italian girl, and that the impulsive nature of the south is quite unlike our English coldness. If a loud voice and excessive action of the hands, arms, and shoulders, are attributes of the Italian ladies, with us they are certainly not so, and should, therefore, never be employed by an actress who wishes to present to an English audience the idea of a lady. Had Mdle. Stella Colas

known better the great poet whom she aspires to illustrate, she would have taken thought, and recollected Cordelia, whose "voice was ever soft, gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman."

But we have done finding fault. Fashion is so powerful; the audiences that attend theatres at the present day are so weak and opinion-less; that there is great danger lest all the theatres should be adopting not only their plays, but their players from the French. Still it would be as unjust to condemn as to commend an actress *because she is French*. We will therefore express again our conviction that in a French play, and, still more, before a French audience, Mademoiselle Stella Colas would be excellent. Her personal graces are worthy of a Juliet. In this performance, her bye-play was often admirable; and now and then we caught in a look, or a tone of the voice, one of those touches of nature that make the whole world kin.

One word about the play itself. The bill invited us to come and see *Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet."* We had an idea that in Shakespeare's play of that name, Romeo, when he first makes his appearance, is suffering from a fanciful love for a lady named Rosaline, and that the difference between this love and his soul-consuming passion afterwards for Juliet is shown by the poet with consummate skill. We find that we were mistaken. Juliet is Romeo's first love. Rosaline is never mentioned in the piece. We had likewise an idea that one of the principal points in the play is that the feud between the two houses is so bitter that nothing less than the deaths of several of their dearest members can extinguish it. We could have sworn that we remembered some such lines as these:—

"A pair of star-crossed lovers
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife."

And in another place:—

"Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!"

We have to confess that we were again in error. This point, this moral, is made nothing of, and the play concludes, leaving the enemies unreconciled. We imagined, too, that Romeo dies before Juliet wakes, whereas we perceived that after the effects of Juliet's sleeping potion have passed away, Romeo has a speech and ten minutes' good choking before he finally succumbs. So that we were wrong again; or else the playbill was wrong, in announcing this "Romeo and Juliet" to be Shakespeare's play.

HEALTH OF THE ARMY IN INDIA.

ONE of the most important Blue-books ever issued has just been presented to Parliament by the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the sanitary state of the army in India. In the time of the old Company what is termed "society" did not recruit the officers of our Indian army. The gallant soldiers who held India for one hundred years were officered by men drawn from the middle classes, and what is termed the best blood of the country was not called upon to take its turn in the task of holding India. Now, since all that is changed, any question which affects the health of the Queen's troops in India is a question most vitally affecting the Upper Ten Thousand; hence the eagerness with which this report will be read by all military circles. Since the remodelling of the Indian army and the increase of British troops stationed there permanently, it has become a serious question how that army is to be recruited; indeed Sir A. Tulloch very much questions whether, with the mortality rate of the last forty years, it would be possible to keep up an army of the present strength in India. Such being the state of affairs, and knowing as we do that in future we hold India by the strength of our own good arms alone, the question that meets us is how to economize the little handful of men with which we hold down the swarming millions of our Indian Empire. We can only do this by reducing the enormous death-rate which obtains among our troops now stationed on the plains, and by permanently elevating the standard of health in the army. It is really difficult to believe the frightful destruction of life which has been going on for a century among our troops, and more difficult still to apprehend how the shattered remnants of regiments, permanently lowered in physical health by the trials they have gone through, should be able to cope with powerful Musulman insurrections which are continually breaking out there.

Let us take for example the 29th Regiment, which arrived in India in the latter end of July, 1842; before nine months were passed it lost at Chinsurah 106 men, proceeding to Ghazepore it lost in the next year 158 men, and in the year following 260 men. Yet, after having to pass through this frightful ordeal, it had to

meet the enemy in the campaigns of the Sutlej and Punjaub. The greater part of the frightful mortality of our troops in India is due altogether to preventible causes. As a rule the great cantonments and stations have been selected without the slightest reference to sanitary conditions; generally on the banks of the great rivers, often at their embouchures, and in many cases only a few feet above the level of the highest tides. Consequently they are always surrounded by malaria and subjected to zymotic diseases which sweep among the troops as fire sweeps over the prairie grass. When we know that every soldier that sets his foot upon Indian soil has cost the nation a hundred pounds, the negligence that consigns him, immediately he is landed, to positions in which he must sicken and die, seems to us criminal in the last degree. Every medical authority who has paid the least attention to the sanitary condition of our troops, has protested against the wicked waste of life caused by the neglect of the military authorities to take the commonest precautions against the advent of disease. As long as we have been in India, the hills that dot the surface of India have been before our eyes; a climate equal to that of England, has been within a few days' march of every station, but still the troops have been allowed to rot upon the fervid plains steeped in malaria and surrounded with every condition inimical to European life. Montesquieu and others have observed that the condition of India and its frequent military revolutions were the result of climate and of a physical necessity—the absence of a temperate zone. The conquerors inhabited the surrounding high ground, and the slaves and cowards the plains.

Even Indian potentates themselves have noticed with surprise our oversight in not taking possession and ruling from the hill country where the air is pure and assimilated to our own native atmosphere. Hyder Ali, one of the most powerful enemies we ever had to contend with, said we should cage our troops upon the hills, and let them slip like tigers upon their prey when the moment of action arrived.

This question of hill stations for our troops, Sir Ronald Martin, the Physician for the Council of India, has been for these last thirty years pressing upon the attention of the Indian Government, and we are glad to see by this report that, at last, his recommendations are in a fair way of being adopted. It is a marvel that they could have lain so long in abeyance. For four or five years an experiment has been going on among the Indian hills, which has long since practically settled the question. The soldiers' children in the noble Lawrence Asylum, situated in one of the lower ranges of the Himalayas, have taught the Government a lesson which most assuredly their fathers should be allowed to profit by. Since the establishment of this asylum in its English temperature, out of 106 children, there have only been four deaths in five years; during the same time, the European children in Fort William, Calcutta, have been dying at an annual rate of 168 per 1,000. Where the question of climate is concerned, the delicate organization of the child is the best test we could have; and what more striking comparison could be afforded than that between these poor children smothered in the fort, and the vigorous little ones breathing the pure air of the mountain range? Sir Ronald points out in his evidence that the soldier does not require the high altitudes that are only to be found in mountain ranges, but that hills varying between 1,800 and 2,500 feet are, on the whole, best suited for the European constitution—that range lifting them above the level of malaria and not reaching the zone at which bowel complaints begin. Above all, he prefers the solitary hills, "the oceans in the plains," which are to be found scattered throughout India, as the places where the European troops should be conserved until the moment when they are required to be brought into action, when they would descend upon the plains full of health and vigour, as all the conquerors of India have done before them. "It is," he remarks, "by reducing our garrisons in the plains to their minimum by placing them in field-works, open to the winds in stations of proved salubrity comparatively, and by relieving them at the end of every year, and removing them for mental and bodily refreshment and invigoration back to the higher grounds, that their health and contentment may, in my view of the case, be preserved." It is urged by the older military authorities that the natives require to have the sword continually before their eyes to enable them to realize our presence among them; but Sir Ronald, we think wisely, says that this presence would be realized by the descent of the troops from the mountains into the plains for the march in the cold season, and that the very element of distance and of mystery which would result from our holding the hill stations would tend to exaggerate in the native mind the sense of our power and numbers. There seems to us to be great sense in this remark, for the tendency to augment and

enlarge that which we only indistinctly see is a tendency which is inherent in the human mind. The sight of European soldiers dying at the frightful rate they do in the stifling, ill-built, ill-starred cantonments and stations on the plains, must inspire the natives with a sense of our inability to cope with their climate, and lead them to consider that our sojourn among them is at best but a question of time—an impression calculated, we should fancy, to outweigh the mere influence of our troops being in their midst. The Romans from their mountain eyries kept watch over the Britons, and in like manner we should awe the natives from the hill stations, where our real strength would be found in the health and efficiency of our battalions.

It is evident that the voice of science has made a profound impression upon the Committee, as we find that they recommend that "about a third part of the troops might be located in hill stations, or on other high and healthy positions in rotation, with advantage to health; that although the number of stations in malarious regions should be diminished as far as practicable, and the troops removed to healthier localities, there are certain strategical points (yet undecided) which must be held, whether healthy or unhealthy, and the force on the hills must be considered as a reserve for the purposes of health." It seems to us that this verdict on the part of the Committee practically settles the question, and we may expect to find that if their recommendations are carried out by the Indian Government, that the third of our force proposed to be sent to the hills for the purposes of health will be a continually increasing number. As it is not yet decided what are the strategical points we must hold, it may perhaps be found hereafter that they may not be so far distant from well-situated hill stations as the representatives of the old Indian red-tapists may imagine. In all probability the future strategic points of our Indian Empire will be found along the lines of the great railways; and as those hill stations must be in connection with these railways, strategy and science will in all probability be found to work together. At all events, we must congratulate Sir Ronald Martin on the strong and successful fight he has made on behalf of the soldier and sanitary science, and we trust he may live to see the grand scheme with which he has identified the labour of his life thoroughly carried out.

A MADMAN ON THE RAIL.

WE demand that a Bishop or a Privy Councillor be slaughtered in a railway carriage for the benefit of his country. Sydney Smith long ago made a similar demand; that a dignitary of the Church should be burnt alive in a railway carriage which had spontaneously caught fire. For this is the only means of impressing railway directors with the propriety of affording travellers some means of communicating with the guard. Some years ago, a striking tale appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, in which an account was given of a journey to London on an express engine in company with a maniac driver. In that story the adventure in the end resolved itself into a mere nightmare dream of one of the passengers. But travelling express with madmen is, unfortunately, not an improbable circumstance of real life. And if there be any tendency to mania, the excitement of the rapid transit through the air is the very thing to bring it on. What would be mere pleasurable exhilaration to a healthy brain becomes homicidal fury in a brain that is diseased. The affair on the London and North-Western Railway the other day is not the first case of violence in a railway carriage, nor will it be the last, if some contrivance be not adopted for enabling the passengers, locked up in their narrow locomotive cells, to call for assistance in cases of extraordinary emergency. But assuredly, if railway directors have been waiting for a peculiarly horrible incident to shake them out of their apathy, they may be contented with this latest example of the perils of express travelling. The story has all the feverish terror and ghastly effectiveness of the crack scene in a sensation drama or novel. Three men and a woman are riding together in one of the second-class carriages of an express train from Liverpool and Manchester. Suddenly, while passing near Bletchley station, one of these men springs on another, and with a clasp-knife wounds him in the head. The third male passenger, a friend of him thus assaulted, lays hold of the homicidal madman. A desperate struggle ensues; the sane men are two to one; but their opponent has the preternatural strength of delirium, and the fight is fiercely prolonged. The hands of all three are gashed in the contest for possession of the knife. The sides of the carriage are splashed with blood. All this while the express train is going on with merciless indifference, and there is absolutely no possibility of escape, or of communication with the succour that is close at hand. Nearly forty miles

intervene between Bletchley station and London, and the best part of an hour must elapse before the train comes to a stop. Mile after mile the deadly wrestle continues. At length, however, the madman is stretched on the floor of the carriage, and held there till the arrival of the train at the Camden station; and when the officials open the door of the compartment, they find the wood-work reeking like a slaughter-house, and one of the passengers so exhausted with loss of blood that immediate surgical attendance is necessary. For some days he lies in a precarious state, and, had he been a weaker man, he might have succumbed.

All this really happened only a week ago, in the twilight of a summer evening! Here is a prolonged life and death struggle, with help close at hand, yet entirely out of reach, for want of the simplest of mechanical appliances. Otherwise, there is nothing very extraordinary or unaccountable in this affair. Michael Lyons, the man who made the attack on his fellow travellers, appears to be suffering in the head from over-work. He was on his way from Ireland to London, to be examined for an appointment as schoolmaster. Some twelve years ago, he was under restraint for a short time on account of mental alienation; and now a fresh attack has apparently been brought on by hard study for the place he sought to fill, and by his anxiety about the examination, combined with the extreme heat of the weather, and the express speed of travelling. It seems that the particular delusion which at that moment afflicted the poor fellow's mind, and which hurried him into his homicidal attempt, was an impression that his two companions were about to attack him. The idea may have been suggested by the sense of utter isolation and insecurity in a railway carriage. At any rate, if the guard could have been immediately brought to the rescue, the encounter would not have assumed such formidable proportions. The maniac would have been overpowered at once, and would not have had time either to give or receive such serious wounds. It is disgraceful to our railway companies that something is not done to protect the public as much as possible from such horrible chances. No very long time has elapsed since a robbery with murderous violence was committed on one of our metropolitan lines. Instances of carriages on fire, with the terrified travellers shrieking at the windows for help, but shrieking in vain until the train has drawn up at a station, are numerous. Outrages on women have been committed in these moving prisons by ruffians who knew that for a certain time they had their victims entirely at their mercy. A solitary traveller in an express train might die in some sudden attack of illness, for want of common succour. In France, a little while ago, a judge was murdered in a railway carriage, and the murderer got clear off, and was at large for months. No doubt the most elaborate precautions will fail to guarantee absolute safety; but they minimize the peril. None but the most desperate of criminals would think of making an attempt on the life of a fellow-passenger if he saw the means of applying for assistance ready to his victim's hand. Even if he made the attempt, and did not instantaneously incapacitate his opponent for resistance, the case would go hard with him. It is the sense of being absolutely cut off from the rest of mankind that stimulates the unreasoning ferocity of the insane, encourages the violence of the ruffian, and places the object of the attacks of either at a sickening, almost hopeless disadvantage with his foe. Sam Weller, in his famous diatribe against railways, depicts in colours of lively dismay the fearful position of a man locked up for an hour or two in the same carriage with a designing "widder." The danger, it must be admitted, is not slight; but there may be worse things than that, from which a little skill and expense might deliver us. A bell or whistle communicating with the engine, and a narrow platform running along the outside of the carriages for the guard to pass along, are all that is required. It is sometimes said that if such a plan were adopted, nervous people, and people fond of foolish practical jokes, would be perpetually calling for the guard to no real purpose. We cannot believe that our countrymen and countrywomen are so foolish that they would thus idly and wantonly abuse a system meant for their safety.

THE ROUPELL SMELTING-POT.

WHEN old John Roupell, grandfather, in the order of nature, to our late legislator, put the first silver tea-pot, brought to him by some urchin in bare legs and touselled hair, into his smelting-pot,—he probably thought much more of present advantage than of proverbial wisdom. Otherwise that illustrious dealer in marine stores, as he stood at his shop door, with the original Aunt Sally dangling over his head—watching for customers eager to make the rapid fortune his bills promised them out of bones, rags, kitchen-stuff,

and any other species of odds and ends—might have found some corner of his inner and better man painfully affected by the approved saying, that what is "ill-got," is likely one day to be "ill-gone." But the mental reflections of the Roupell family at the earlier period of its fortunes have unhappily not been recorded. We know only that the smelting-pot proved a fruitful investment. It so increased and multiplied the possessions of grandsire John, that his shop ere long ceased to be capacious enough for his expanding fortunes. And when, in 1782, his "lady"—for by this time the old ragman had become a capitalist, and therefore a gentleman—presented him with the future father of the legislator, his business transactions included a thriving factory in Gravel Lane, and he looked forward to the marriage of his son and heir with the daughter of some distinguished family, whose wealth and rank would help to obliterate the recollections of Aunt Sally and the smelting-pot. But, as from the moment that a man is born into the world he may be said to begin to die, so did the ragman's ambition find in the very project he cherished for the permanence of his family's fortunes, the incipency of their decay. True to his humble origin, Richard Palmer Roupell chose for the partner of his life the daughter of a carpenter. She was far more to his liking than the matches from time to time proposed to him by his father. But inasmuch as he could not indulge his fancy for pretty Sarah Crane, without risking the old man's displeasure, he bargained with her to dispense with legal ceremonies, and under the name of Mrs. Carter lived with her at Somers-town and Peckham. Thus, in spite of the ragman's ambition, the smelting-pot—emblem of fraud and secrecy—still threw its shadow over the house of Roupell. Under its cold shade, the grandson, John, came into the world, then Sarah, then Emma, and then—in 1831—William, in whose person avenging fate seems to have concentrated all the villainies of the old store-shop, for the purpose of bursting the bubble which ere long had swollen into an estate worth nearly a quarter of a million.

Seven years later, in 1838, the old ragman died, leaving the bulk of his property to his son Richard Palmer, who was now in his fifty-fifth year, and who a few weeks afterwards married Sarah Crane. On the 27th July, 1840, there was a new comer, Richard Roupell, the only legitimate offspring of his parents. But William was the old man's pride. He had apt talents, conducted with apparent prosperity large speculations of his own, and by his address and the contrast he seemed to present to the loose habits of his elder brother, won his father's entire confidence. On the 12th of September, 1856, the ragman's son, like his sire, went to his last account, and a will was produced dated the 2nd of the same month, leaving the whole property to the widow, who, with her son William, was appointed executrix. Practically—as his mother left everything to his discretion—the whole property was thus in the hands of our late legislator. What he did with it, how he squandered it, has never yet been clearly shown. But at the general election of 1857 he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Lambeth, and his return was celebrated by a public dinner in the Music Hall of the Surrey Gardens. In the House of Commons he advocated the most advanced measures of modern political enlightenment; spoke upon parliamentary reform, vote by ballot, extension of the suffrage, administrative reform, the relations of capital and labour, education, the banking laws, religious grants, foreign policy, &c. Out of the House, he subscribed to charitable institutions, churches and schools, organized a corps of volunteers, and entertained his constituents like a fine young English gentleman. But the cold shadow of the smelting-pot was upon him. In March, 1862, he disclosed to his family that their patrimony was gone, and a few days later fled the country and took refuge in Spain.

And now commences the most extraordinary chapter in the family history. In the following July he returned to England with perhaps the most marvellous story that ever found a place in the annals of fraud. Before he left England he warned his family that all was wrong; when he came back he met them with the joyful intelligence that all was right. There was only one little drawback to the pleasure of this announcement. Before it could be legally made so as to re-entitle them to the estates of which they had taken a sad farewell, he must go before a court of justice and brand himself a forger and a perjurer. Richard Roupell, the legitimate son, brought an action of ejectment against a gentleman named Waite, who had purchased from William Roupell the Norbiton Park estate, Kingston, Surrey—part of the Roupell property—which William was supposed to hold under a conveyance from his father, dated July, 1855. On the 18th of August, 1862, this action was tried before Baron Martin, at Guildford. William came forward and swore

that he had forged that deed. He swore that amongst many other forgeries he had forged the will of the 2nd of September, 1856. The trial resulted in a compromise, by which plaintiff and defendant agreed to share the loss between them, the defendant handing over to Richard Roupell half the purchase-money of the estate. But the deed and will were impounded, and on the 24th of the following September William Roupell was convicted of forgery, at the Central Criminal Court, and sentenced to penal servitude for life. How many owners of silver tea-pots, how many proprietors of goods stolen from them and melted down or turned into cash by the Southwark ragman, were avenged by this sentence only Heaven and the departed marine-store dealer know. But for the moment, the fortunes won from the smelting-pot were partially in the ascendant. It was no small success to have gained back £8,000 out of the squandered purchase-money of the Norbiton estate.

Successful in this trial, Richard Roupell or his advisers for him—for it is said that the proceedings have not taken place with his wish—brought an action of ejectment against the tenants and owners of certain farms in the parish of Great Warley, Surrey. These farms had been mortgaged by William Roupell to Messrs. Freeman, for £12,000, under the authority of a deed of gift, by which his father conveyed them to him on the 9th of January, 1856. To increase their apparent value, it is certain that William forged the counterparts of the two leases under which the tenants held the farms in question. But now he comes forward and swears that he also forged the deed of gift, and that Messrs. Freeman have no manner of title to them. A compromise, similar to that made in the case of Mr. Waite, was offered to the defendants. But they resolved to fight it out, with what result will be known by the time this article is before our readers. The singular feature of this trial is the fact of a man, on the one hand, labouring to criminate himself and to show that he is the greatest swindler that ever appeared in a court of justice; and, on the other, the endeavour of those whom he says he has defrauded, to prove him, as far as the deed in question is concerned, an honest man. Nor is it quite clear to us, having before us the case for the plaintiff and for the defendant, with the examination of witnesses on both sides, that this horrible fate will not be forced upon him.

The story is as follows. On the 8th of January, 1856, Sarah Roupell wrote, to William's dictation, a letter to Mr. Whittaker, his attorney, authorizing him to prepare a deed of gift of the farms from the father to William. To this letter William says he forged his father's signature, as also to the deed which was prepared under its authority. It is strange that such a witness was not produced till the judge almost insisted upon it; still stranger that Sarah, without any knowledge of her brother's frauds, or complicity in them, should have written this letter, in the drawing-room of her father's house, unknown to him or to any other member of the family. Again, the fact is suspicious that Mrs. Roupell, who may be supposed to have known something of her husband's business, has not been put into the witness-box, and that the plaintiff's advisers have studiously refrained from calling Mr. Whitaker, the attorney who prepared the deed, though challenged and provoked by repeated taunts to do so. Then it is perfectly clear that, before the date of the deed of gift, old Roupell told the tenants of these very farms that they would soon have his son William for their landlord, while, at least, the copyhold part of the estate had actually been surrendered to him in the previous month of June. With all his ability and marvellous coolness, William's evidence, in criminating himself, is contradicted in several important particulars. For instance, he states that Sarah copied the letter to Whitaker from his draught, whereas she states that she wrote it from his dictation. He states that he forged the deed of gift at the end of February, 1856, though a memorandum is produced which shows that it was actually deposited with Whitaker on the 11th of that month. When we come to the evidence of handwriting the case is still stronger against his averment that he forged the deed of January and the will of September. "Experts" were produced on behalf of the plaintiff to prove that old Roupell's signature to both these documents was forged, because in some particulars it was unlike his customary signature. But they satisfied the jury that this excessively minute dissection of handwriting was ridiculous, and that their evidence was not to be depended upon. One of the plaintiff's witnesses to handwriting startled his counsel by declaring that the signature to the will of 1856—supposed to have been forged—was undoubtedly the testator's, though, when pressed, he said that he was not quite sure about it. On the other hand, practical men, in the habit of paying checks at various banks, and who had paid many of old Roupell's, declared their belief that the signatures to the will and the deed were unquestionably his; while the very peculiarities relied upon by the

plaintiff's counsel as proofs that they were forgeries, were found in some—true, only in a few—of his undoubtedly genuine signatures. More than this, the signatures to the leases which it is certain were forged—for the counterparts of the true leases, in the possession of the tenants, were produced—were palpable and clumsy forgeries, showing that William Roupell's powers of imitating handwriting were excessively poor, and suggesting the strongest doubt that he could have executed those marvellous imitations in the deed of gift and the will of 1856, which a host of witnesses have declared to be genuine. Finally—for we can touch only the most striking points in the elaborate chain of evidence which has been produced upon this trial—the story that he resolved, before knowing its contents, to destroy the genuine will of 1850; that he took it from his father's bureau on the day of his death and carried it about with him from 1856 till the evening before his flight from England, when he says he destroyed it, is open to the gravest suspicion. What were its provisions no one knows but himself. The proctors who drew it up forget all about it. The will may yet be in existence, and it is possible that William may be entitled under it to the property which he mortgaged to the defendants, and which is the subject of the present action. We have only his word to the contrary, and we need not say what very slight dependance can be placed upon the evidence of a man who has accused himself of perjury, and who has certainly forged at least two documents, the leases of the Great Warley farms, whose rental he doubled with the intent to cheat the mortgagees.

The case for the defence is thus very strong, and it may yet be that Mr. Waite will have reason to regret having secured the Norbiton estate by paying down £8,000 for it, over and above the original purchase-money. But who shall slight old sayings with such a history as this of the rise and fall of the Roupell family before him? If it is true that Richard, the youngest of the family, would rather put up with the loss of all than suffer the dismal story—dismal, whether true or false—to be made public, it would show that the son born in wedlock was, by the marriage of his parents, purged of the leaven of the smelting-pot, which clings so pertinaciously to the rest of the family. Perhaps we should except Mrs. Roupell, and put her down as the suffering nonentity. Her's has been a sad, though not perhaps an uncommon lot. As Mary Crane, daughter of the Southwark carpenter, she might, had fate, or the firmness which appears to have been dormant or wanting in her character, willed it, been the legal mother of honest artizans, earning to-morrow's bread with to-day's labour. But, in evil hour, the prospective glories of the ragman's son threw their false light across her path, and she was lured away to be the mother of a "statesman." The tribute to morality came too late. The marriage certificate which made Richard legitimate and his mother "an honest woman," rankled in the bastard's heart, and he became at once the victim and the avenger of the sins of his ancestors.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.

THE opportunity of introducing a pet subject, by way of "amendment upon going into Committee of Supply," was too tempting to be neglected by Mr. Hennessy. He has therefore moved for an address to her Majesty in favour of open competition for junior posts in the Civil Service. This motion was, indeed, negatived by a considerable majority, as no doubt it always will be so long as the question is not thoroughly understood, and so long as the House contains influential members who are advocates of a *laissez aller* system.

It is curious that everybody who meddles with this subject, in Parliament or out of it, is pretty sure to make some gross mistake. Thus Mr. Hennessy fancies that the Civil Service Commission was created for the abolition of patronage, while Mr. B. Cochrane imagines that open competition is now the order of the day in the Civil Service. It is worth while to set the readers of their speeches right on this matter. When the Civil Service Commission was established, in 1855, it was expressly provided by the Order in Council which created it that it should "not make any alteration in respect to the nomination or appointment of candidates by those who are or may be charged with the duty of nomination and appointment." Consequently, although no candidate could be actually admitted to a "junior situation" without the Commissioner's certificate of fitness, that certificate in itself would avail nothing without the previous exercise of patronage to give the nomination. It is important to remember this, or we shall totally misunderstand the real position of the question at present. The establishment of the Central Board of Examination, called the Civil Service Commission, left ministerial and parliamentary patronage

entirely untouched; except in so far as it organized a body of competent men, who should stop all utterly ignorant, unfit, or improper candidates on the threshold.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the Heads of Departments, whose power of nomination was thus been left untouched, were not forbidden, if they were so minded, to delegate that power to the Civil Service Commissioners. This has been done to a considerable extent during the last few years, but in a limited manner; the usual plan being to send up three nominees when only one post is vacant. But the plan of open competition for all comers has never been enforced upon the English Civil Service, and it has not been voluntarily adopted except in one or two unimportant instances. For the accuracy of these statements, we refer to the Order in Council of the 21st May, 1855, and the various reports of the Commissioners, especially that published during the present year.

The limited system of competition above described is now pretty generally adopted. We shall not stop to argue on the desirableness of enforcing it universally, although it might seem that what is found useful on voluntary trial could with advantage be enforced by authority. Yet we feel some doubt concerning the absolute merits of the plan. It may be admitted that there is a better chance of getting a good man when the Commissioners take their choice out of three than by submitting a single nominee to an examination test; but it is certain, on the other hand, that all the candidates may be very inferior men, and that the best of the three may only just come up to the lowest standard of efficiency. This could scarcely be the case in an open competition. It is easy to sneer at Sir Charles Trevelyan's notion of attracting to the service the "most able and ambitious youth of the country." But with most walks of life overstocked, and with education at a high pressure, we could not fail to have a sufficient number of fit applicants if we were once to throw the doors fairly open, and it is hard to imagine that any evil results could arise. We are told that more than learning is required; that we want integrity, honour, courtesy, gentlemanly manners, and the like. But are these qualities less likely to exist in the best man in a competitive examination?

Some years since, Sir James Stephen, while admitting the existence of a large proportion of useless matter in the Civil Service, urged that mediocrity and weakness themselves had some claims; whence he argued that what is called "family" patronage should not be rashly abolished. For ourselves, we would gladly consign political and family jobs to the same limbo; and we set no store whatever by Sir James Stephen's argument. Equally fallacious is the reasoning of Lord Palmerston, who maintains that as Ministers are responsible for filling up offices properly, it is necessary that they should have the power of choosing competent persons for the work. Now, we may pass over the fact that no Ministers were ever personally blamed for having a bad clerk. We would simply ask, what becomes of their boasted responsibility, if her Majesty by Order in Council expressly abolishes it and vests the power of appointment elsewhere? Moreover, Lord Palmerston demolished his own argument by another, to the effect that members of the Government, for the time being, must in reason give the appointments to their own supporters. How such antagonistic reasons could have been given for the same thing in the same breath it is difficult to understand. He was, perhaps, well aware that the amendment would not be carried, and therefore he did not much care about being logical in his opposition to it.

Mr. Baillie Cochrane spends his life in reading over Civil Service Examination papers, and collecting into a heterogeneous heap all the questions which seem to him to be odd, or difficult, or "out of the way." He is indignant that a candidate should be asked to write down what he knows of William the Conqueror, of Prince Albert, or of steam-power. But he seems to forget that either of these subjects would be perfectly suitable as a test of hand-writing, orthography, and English composition. Nothing can be more absurd than to pick out a number of incongruous questions from the various parts of a very comprehensive collection of examination papers; but it proves nothing against the system of examination in general.

Upon the whole, it seems to us that the completeness of the Service will be gradually increased by the working of the Commission. There has not yet, indeed, been sufficient time to test it much, as the older men, who are naturally opposed to the new system, are the only persons whose evidence we have before us. When the elder generation retire and the younger rise to the higher posts, it will not be so difficult to judge whether the country has received a benefit or an injury. In the mean time, we must remember that open competition has not yet had a trial, and

that it would not be just to condemn it even if the system of competition with nomination should not fulfil all the hopes of its supporters.

DEATH AND JOLLITY.

ON Monday the inhabitants of Birmingham enjoyed the rich treat of seeing a woman killed before thousands of spectators who had assembled at Aston Park for a day's holiday. The occasion was a *fête* in aid of the funds of the Order of Foresters; and, as in the present enlightened state of the public taste there is no attraction so sure of "drawing" as the chance of seeing a fellow-creature break his or her neck, the purveyors of the day's entertainments were fortunate enough to find a Madame Geneive, who, since the collapse of the Female Blondin at Highbury Barn, had picked up the title which that unfortunate woman had dropped, and announced herself as "the only real and legitimate performer of Blondin's great feats, walking the rope shackled in chains, feet in baskets, blindfolded, enveloped in a sack, &c." To make the matter more shocking, and therefore more attractive, Madame Geneive was far advanced in pregnancy; and an additional touch of domestic horror was imparted into the performance by the fact that the preparations were under the superintendence of her husband, and that it was his loving hands which were to place the shackles on her feet. But great as was the fascination of all this, there was something even more delightfully terrible in the exhibition. The rope was unsafe; it had been recently spliced; it was so worn and attenuated that one of the officials declared it was one "on which he would not allow a dog to go;" and it appears that the woman herself had a presentiment that it was not to be trusted. We fear this was not publicly announced. If not, it was a great mistake; for when thousands are drawn to an exhibition in which there are merely the ordinary chances of death to the performer, it follows that tens of thousands would have been attracted had it been advertised that the rope was in such a state as to render the probability almost a certainty. As the great object of the entertainment was to benefit the funds of the Order, it was clearly impolitic in the highest degree if a fact so certain to attract was not publicly stated. We trust that the Foresters will be able to show that they have not been guilty of so stupid an oversight as to conceal it.

At 7 o'clock Madame Geneive made her appearance at the landing place, amid the cheers of the crowd; and, her husband having handed her the pole and "chalked her boots," the band struck up a lively air as "the only real and legitimate performer" stepped cautiously and with hesitation upon the rope. "This frail cord," the papers tell us, "was about thirty yards in length, was suspended between two trees at the altitude described (ninety feet!), and fastened round the trunk of each tree. One extremity of the rope was carried over a trestle, on which was a resting-place for the performer; midway between this and the tree to which the other end of the rope was attached, another trestle was placed. Both ends of the rope (which seemed to be about an inch and a half in diameter) were secured by others fixed to stakes driven firmly into the ground." Madame Geneive's first exploit was to walk half the length of the rope, kneel down, stand on one leg, and then return to her resting-place. This she did successfully, and no doubt to the rapturous delight of the ancient order of Foresters, their wives and children. Then came the second stage of the performance. The lady's husband stepped gallantly forward and attached a couple of steel chains to his wife's ankles and wrists, and again she set out "evidently in no spirit of confidence," and walked slowly along the entire length of the rope, reaching the opposite landing place safe. Here an attendant removed the "shackles," blindfolded her, and placed a bag over her head. Once more she cautiously "put out her feet to feel her way." She took one step—two—three!—and all was over! The rope snapped and down she came with a smash, which brought her and her exploits to an end. She never stirred or breathed afterwards.

When we last wrote upon the subject of these exhibitions, in connection with the death of Carlo Varello at Cremorne, we spoke of their demoralizing character. But we had no idea that so shocking a proof of the depravity of taste which they engender was so near at hand. Our readers would naturally imagine that when a fellow-creature had been killed in the midst of a scene of festivity, the thousands who witnessed her death would have felt that the day's amusement had come to a terrible end, and that they would have departed to their homes saddened by the dreadful occurrence of which they had just been spectators. They did nothing of the kind. We talk of the moral improvement of the working-classes, of their progress in enlightenment, humanity, and civilization. What was the proof of it on this occasion? The

entertainments went on. Within sight and hearing of the room where the dead woman was lying there was drinking and dancing, music, feasting, and revelry. This disgraceful scene was carried on till midnight, when the day's fun was wound up with a grand display of fireworks. Imagine such a spectacle in a civilized country, taking place in that "People's Park" which her Majesty opened five years ago, in the hope and belief that it would never witness a festival so scandalous, so discreditable to all who have borne a part in it. It appears, indeed, to have been for a moment a question with the committee who got up the *fête* whether it should be continued. But this only makes the matter worse. They consulted, and determined "to go on with the programme, omitting the dangerous parts." Their brutality was, therefore, deliberate. With their eyes open to the impropriety of proceeding further in their rejoicings after such an event, they gave full swing to the general appetite for pleasure with a confidence in the heartless elasticity of their friends' spirits which was not misplaced.

Here, then, is another death; another victim to the appetite for these horrifying spectacles. Where are we to stop? By and by, accidents of this kind will have no more effect upon us than "another death from crinoline." What is worse, the "people" will begin to expect them, and perhaps become dissatisfied with an acrobat who escapes without a startling casualty. In morals there is no standing still. We must advance or retrograde. And surely with the details of this Foresters' *fête* before us, there can be no doubt in which direction we are progressing. But if the popular appetite is to be held so sacred that we dare not meddle with it even though it were to cost us the life of an acrobat every week, is it not possible to place these electrifying amusements under some sort of regulation? Might we not, for instance, require that the soundness of the rope on which the acrobat is to perform should be tested before an appointed authority? Would the public be very angry if we forbade women who are near their confinement from risking a life which is not their own? Would it be a tyrannical interference with their liberties if we stipulated that when they have been thoroughly electrified by a sudden death, they should let well alone, and refrain from draining the cup of pleasure to the dregs?

CHINESE JUSTICE IN ENGLAND.

THE advantages of a philosophical temperament in bearing the misfortunes of others are tolerably well known; but they were illustrated in a very striking manner in the House of Commons on Tuesday evening. Some years ago a certain Mr. Bewicke, of Threepwood Hall, in the county of Northumberland, took into his head the notion, derived probably from studying the histories of John Hampden, Mr. Pickwick, and other eccentric personages, that he would resist a demand made on him in the name of the law for a small sum of money. He adopted the strictly legal method of merely passive resistance, which is not unfamiliar to most readers of fiction, and to some persons in real life—he took refuge in the constitutional maxim that an Englishman's house is his castle, and so barricaded his doors, and defied the sheriff's officers. These, however, were men of unusual resources. One was a ticket-of-leave man; another might have been so, but his time had expired; and a third was a notorious poacher, and in a fair way to qualify for that badge of honour. It could not be expected that worthies of so practised intellect should condescend to the regular and stupid process of tiring the enemy into surrender. A single night of such slow work was enough. So next morning, when Mr. Bewicke, equally *ennuyé*, betook himself, by way of passing the time, to the occupation of cleaning his pistols, and for that purpose, after seeing that there was no ball in one of them, and calling out to his besiegers to stand clear, fired it out of a window, the ingenious gaol-birds outside pretended to pick up a ball, and incontinently proceeding to a neighbouring magistrate, swore that Mr. Bewicke had fired at them, with intent to murder. On this information a criminal warrant was granted, and an Englishman's castle not being impregnable to that description of process, Mr. Bewicke was arrested, held to bail in £2,000, and ultimately brought up for trial at the assizes. Here the oddity of his character again displayed itself. He actually believed in the power of truth and in the sagacity of a jury, and refused to employ counsel. Of course the sheriff's officers had it all their own way; the prisoner was convicted, and sentenced by the judge, in a most impressive speech, to four years' penal servitude. But now female wit entered the lists, and matched itself against the cleverness of the Artful Dodger fraternity. An old housekeeper set herself to the task of detecting the conspiracy, brought the proofs she collected up to London, found help and encouragement there, had the gang arrested and put on trial for perjury, forced one of

them to turn Queen's evidence, and got the rest convicted. Then of course a free pardon was at once issued to Mr. Bewicke. But it could not restore to him the year out of his life he had spent in a felon's cell, nor, it seems, could it even give back the name and fame he had lost. As a felon his personal estate had escheated to the lords of the manor, who in this case were the commissioners of Greenwich Hospital. They had without delay asserted their rights, had entered the house he so strenuously sought to defend, had rifled it of its contents and sold them. Called on to replace the articles taken, or at least to pay their actual value, estimated at £1,200, these functionaries laughed at the simplicity of the request, told Mr. Bewicke that the royal pardon had only let him off from the remainder of his sentence, but left him still a convicted felon—that he had not therefore a shadow of right—but that they would generously *give* him what the goods had fetched, which was only £450, minus their own costs. Mr. Bewicke brought his case before the British Parliament, and asked that the British nation, whose courts, and judges, and officers, and laws, had done to an innocent man this grievous wrong, should now give him some redress. And Mandarin Grey, Home Secretary, and Mandarin Roundell Palmer, Solicitor-General, and author of a pleasing hymn-book, replied that the nation would do nothing of the sort, for it was not its custom, and such things happened very often and redress would come expensive, and Mr. Bewicke was, if not guilty, at all events foolish and wrong-headed, and therefore nobody was to blame but himself, but they would think about a general law to meet such cases hereafter. So these two statesmen, lawyers, and logicians, after having on a division committed the British nation to approval of their principles and their reasons, by a majority composed exactly of their two selves, went home, smoked a pipe of opium, and moralized comfortably on the duty of patience under wrongs.

We fall naturally into the use of Celestial titles of dignities in narrating this tale, for it is really quite Asiatic, both in its facts and its philosophy. Anywhere, from Constantinople to Canton, it would be ordinary and unsensational. A rich man, knowing nothing about law, is in his turn pitched upon to bear the burden of a high and expensive office of the law for a year. He appoints a set of cut-throats as his sub-officers. They get up a groundless charge of an attempt to murder against a man who has offended them. He is seized and bastinadoed, and his property is taken possession of by a set of officials to whom the Emperor has made over the Imperial right in such cases. An old woman proves his innocence. Then his accusers are seized and bastinadoed, and he gets his liberty. But the Court officials do not give up his property—for it has been spent and scattered. And when he complains, the Cadis, or the mandarins of the blue and yellow buttons, lift up their hands in amazement at his impudence, and tell him to be very thankful he was not bastinadoed twice as severely; and then they wisely nod their heads at each other, and remark how much oftener these things happen than people have any idea, and chuckle at the idea of what a lot of dollars the Son of Heaven would have to fork out if he was to pay back to all his subjects the fines that had been levied from them by mistake.

But since these things have happened not in the streets of Bagdad, or in the capital of the flowery land, but in England, we cannot be too thankful to Mr. Bewicke for having at least published them. Unfortunately for him, one of his advocates in the House, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, turned away the question from its real issue by making it the foundation of a demand for a Court of Criminal Appeal, and so gave an opening to the Solicitor-General to turn the discussion to that irrelevant subject. But taken simply on its own facts, it is hardly possible to see how a decent excuse can be made for a state of things such as this case has disclosed. We have been in the habit of looking on the annual ceremony of "pricking" (or whatever it is called) the High Sheriffs for the year as only the imposition of a necessary but very hazardous and costly duty upon a wealthy country gentleman, who delegates all the legal functions to his attorney, and only remains responsible in costs if anything goes wrong. But we now see that, in thus handing over the execution of the law to men who are irresponsible, except in civil damages, for misfeasance, we place in reckless or careless hands a power which may be converted into a source of dire oppression. It so happened that the Sheriff of Northumberland was reckless and careless; he appointed a set of scoundrels to be his officers, and they so acted as to expose an innocent man to grievous and incurable suffering. Obviously, now that the matter is placed in this light, it is seen to be the duty of the State to appoint the officers who are to execute its laws, taking due care to inquire into their character, and paying them such wages as shall make it worth the while of honest men to take

the post, instead of trying to get the work done for nothing by laying it on the shoulders of country gentlemen, selected by roster, and only for their presumed wealth. And, obviously, Mr. Bewicke, having been possibly a foolish, but certainly an innocent sufferer, through our stupid acquiescence in a system wholly unsuitable to a civilized community, is fairly entitled to compensation at our hands.

If it shall be that granting him this justice will bring other claims to light, we can only say in the words of the royal fiat on petitions of right, "Let justice be done," whatever the cost. The cost for the future can at least be prevented by desiring Mandarins Grey and Roundell Palmer to amend the law. But the law, as illustrated by Mr. Bewicke, requires amendment in at least another particular. The doctrine of forfeiture of personal estate on conviction of felony is another relic of barbarism. It is a vague, arbitrary, and irrational penalty, bearing no relation whatever to the crime. On men of equal wealth, convicted of the same offence, it may operate as a fine of a million, or as the mulct of half a crown, according to the accident of the manner in which their respective wealth is invested. The worst misdemeanor does not involve it, the lightest felony draws it down. How far it is affected by the royal pardon was a point raised in Dr. Smethurst's case—how far it may be evaded by a conveyance prior to conviction is a moot point which has still survived to form the annoyance of Mr. Henry Kingsley in his last novel. Whether that gentleman might have obtained a solution of his doubts, if, as Miss Braddon is reported to do, he had retained a barrister as a member of his literary staff, we shall not profess to decide. But at least it is tolerably clear that a penalty not inflicted by justice, but by chance, and operating only to ruin some men, and to give a windfall to others, is not a fitting part of the criminal code of an enlightened nation. The Crown, which is the chief gainer by it, is of course bound to surrender it on the public demand, and the same may be said of the Crown grantees, such as the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital. Its incidence for the benefit of any other private individuals is so rare and accidental that it cannot be computed as part of their income, and being against public policy, it may justly be abolished without compensation. Meantime, however, Mr. Bewicke, having been the victim of this discreditable state of the law, is entitled to some recompense from us on this head, also, for sufferings arising out of our negligent maintenance of a system which we allowed only because we did not attend to it. And if the payment to him of a good round sum, in part expiation of our fault, shall quicken our appreciation of some other items of unpaid justice and private profit derived from public privileges, which still linger among us, remnants of the "age of chivalry," it will prove to be money uncommonly well laid out.

THE JOINT-STOCK BANKS.

THE Joint-Stock Bank shareholders in general ought to consider themselves a fortunate race. Through good management and the maintenance of moderate rates of discount, a fair course of trade dividends has been declared. Instead of being stationary or showing only partial progress, some of these establishments have been enabled so largely to increase their returns that it is a matter of surprise and wonder whence all this prosperity springs. It is, nevertheless, too early yet with two or three of the new banks to judge well of their position, though, so far as at present can be seen, no cause for anxiety exists if their future superintendence is characterized by the same vigilance and caution with which it is now conducted. Indeed, it would seem, looking at the various reports and balance-sheets, that the whole of the banks, unlimited and limited, have vied with each other in exhibiting statements which, without being in the least exaggerated, should convince the public that they are based on sound prosperity and not buoyed up through doubtful and inflated transactions. This is a very essential feature in the arrangement of the accounts, for it must be admitted that the majority of these institutions operate more upon their credit than their capital. This is self-evident from the enormous extent of deposits and general liabilities compared with the amount paid up on their shares. There is only, indeed, one, viz., the London and Westminster, which stands what may be termed well with its capital account, the same in reality provided being £1,000,000; but while this is an additional source of security in one respect, it is a disadvantage in another, since the spreading of the dividend over so large an amount is comparative prejudicial to the proprietor. But notwithstanding this we contend that larger paid up capitals should be the order of the day; and we consequently fully approve the observation made by the General Manager of the Union Bank of London, that the time has arrived when, in connexion with their establishment, a further amount should be called to keep proportionate pace with growing liabilities. The City Bank has not hesitated, without the least delay, to carry into practical effect the suggestion, and the Alliance Bank of London and Liverpool has simultaneously adopted a similar pro-

ceeding. The proprietors of these establishments, we should think, will be well pleased at the resolution come to, because the issue of new shares is usually calculated to increase the strength of the share-holding body by diffusing a portion of the new capital into fresh channels. Such measures as these, designed to support in their integrity these gigantic establishments, must be viewed not only by their proprietors but by the public at large. Serious, indeed, would be the consequences if, through any mishap, confidence was temporarily diverted, for it would not alone destroy the price of the shares in the market, but might likewise produce a collapse, the effects of which could never be completely surmounted. It must be confessed, looking at the question in a dry financial point of view, that it would probably be better if quotations had not reached a point so very elevated, as after so marked an advance as has occurred in special instances, there may be without the least cause a reaction; and then if this change takes place in the slightest season of adversity, it will be attributed to some heavy loss or *contretemps* in the affairs of that particular Bank.

Last week we cursorily investigated the points furnished in the proceedings of two or three of the half-yearly meetings then held. Since that date further meetings have been concluded. Taking them in general order, we have passed through the Union Bank of London, the London and Westminster, the London Joint-Stock Bank, the Metropolitan and Provincial, the Bank of London, the Alliance Bank, London and Liverpool, and the City Bank. The meetings remaining to take place are those of the London and County Bank, the Imperial Bank, and the London and Middlesex. The dividends declared in every instance show encouraging progress, and if in some cases they have been larger than the others, the increase has arisen from years of maturity associated with special connections which have produced augmented profits. A little recapitulation occasionally does no harm when contrasting great results. The Union Bank of London pays a dividend of 15 per cent., and that after struggling with an unparalleled defalcation; the London and Westminster, notwithstanding its large capital, divides at the rate of 20 per cent., and still exhibits features of prosperity; the London Joint-Stock Bank dividend is equal to 19½ per cent., and its business is steadily increasing. These include the salient facts identified with the principal of the old banks. The Bank of London and the City Bank were the creation of the mid-banking era, when it was found there was room for two extra establishments. They have run *pari passu* a close career, but the Bank of London latterly has possessed the 'vantage ground, though still sorely pressed by the City. The Bank of London has earned a dividend of nearly 20 per cent., but the directors have considered it prudent to pay 10 per cent. and make a large addition to the reserve. The City Bank made about 14 per cent. on their business; they pay a dividend of 10 per cent. and increase their reserve fund, which will be again increased by the large premiums derived from the sanctioned issue of new shares. In each of these instances an enormous amount of safe engagements must have been entered into to realize these returns, which if they shall be maintained cannot fail hereafter to lead to a greater development. Following on and checking the figures selected, we find that the Metropolitan and Provincial Bank has made its 5 per cent. dividend, and is endeavouring to build itself up a steady and safe business. The Alliance of London and Liverpool continues to push forward through the aid of the conjoint principle, London working Liverpool, and Liverpool in its turn working London. If the dividend is not more than a fraction above 5 per cent., the extent of its transactions indicates an increase of relations which must eventually secure a large share of prosperity. The price of its shares is high in the market, and many parties take objection to the real worth compared with the returns yielded. This is not the way, however, that the great mass of the public decide the question. Fairly estimating the doctrine of chances, they are prepared to pay at this moment an enhanced value for what may at no distant date become much more profitable. Original holders of London and Westminster, London Joint-Stock Bank, Union Bank of London, or any of the other great banks, of course bless their stars that they were never tempted, because of a run up in price, to take their profit on the market quotation. As steady investors, they embarked their capital, stuck to the vessel through stormy and favourable weather, and they are now reaping the reward of their consistent perseverance. The same has proved the case in the Bank of London and the City Bank. What is there, then, more to anticipate with regard to the Alliance, London and Liverpool Bank? From what we hear of the approaching report of the London and County Bank, we are quite satisfied of the success of that establishment. The management of Mr. McKewan, the position and relations of the directors, who have been concerned in the important financial transactions of the day, and the extensive business of its branches, have brought the institution through all its Sadleiran embarrassments, and have placed it on high and safe ground. We wish we could say the same of the Imperial Bank and the London and Middlesex Bank; we are not quite so sure that their prospects are favourable, or that the proprietors themselves will be satisfied with the engagements they have completed. Brighter days may be in store for them, and we heartily trust that they will soon arrive; but either of them we feel will have a strong struggle to make before they attain popularity or give dividends which will place their shares at a value to be compared with the other well-established banks. It would have been better for all parties connected with the Imperial Bank if arrangements could have been effected two or three months since for the completion of the proposed amalga-

tion with the Alliance Bank of London and Liverpool; but, as very frequently occurs, a want of discretion allowed currency to the suggestion, and the effect of publicity immediately destroyed what might otherwise have been successfully accomplished. The Imperial may yet, after all, have to amalgamate, and perhaps on terms not the most advantageous to its proprietors; but the opportunity offered recently will never recur, particularly on the basis that might then have been secured. The position of the London and Middlesex Bank will have to be made against a large amount of prejudice, strong competition, and limited capital. If, with these disadvantages, the directors and manager shall bring it into good dividend-paying condition, they will deserve the deep acknowledgments of the proprietors and of the surviving interests of the Unity Company.

In connection with the half-yearly meetings of the Joint-Stock Banks may not be improperly incorporated the proceedings of the National Discount Company. Say what the directors and proprietors may, it is as nearly as possible allied to a bank in its functions—taking deposits and paying interest. Recovered from the blow inflicted by the loss incurred at the time of the failure of Streetfield, Laurence, and Mortimore, it has since transacted a capital business, pays a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent., and has increased its reserve fund to £82,000. Proprietors are naturally satisfied with this state of things, they make no querulous complaint, and, after a little congratulatory discussion, separate, believing that they did perfectly right in resisting the attempt to wind up when it was proposed some two or two and a half years since. What think the unfortunate proprietors of the London Discount Company, who were compelled to adopt a liquidation through the losses incurred in the leather trade? They think, truly enough, that their property and themselves have been sacrificed to nervous timidity, but for which the company would now be a sound, dividend-paying enterprise, second only to the National Discount Company.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

MR. PHILLIMORE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.*

MR. PHILLIMORE evidently thinks it good to be angry; and perhaps it may be. But this is scarcely the happiest mood for an historian. It leads to a curious inversion of the process which we are often told to practise in reference to contemporary events. Calm thinkers constantly try to impress upon us the duty of endeavouring to estimate the occurrences and characters of to-day as they will seem to ordinary men a hundred years hence. The advice is judicious, though somewhat hard to follow; but any shortcomings in this respect are certainly more excusable than those of a writer who tries the men and the deeds of past generations by the standard to-day, and passes judgment upon them with the vehement intemperance of a party pamphleteer. Mr. Phillimore has apparently not found in the reign of George III. itself adequate scope for the indulgence of his favourite antipathies. He has therefore prefaced his more regular labours by a dissertation, in which, under the name of a "preliminary view" of English history, he runs amuck at most things English. Although he admits that, as a race, we are brave, plodding, and truthful, he denies us almost every other quality which can make a nation great or even respectable. Our genius is neither comprehensive nor penetrating; we have no idea of grandeur; we are naturally selfish and rude; we have a natural incapacity for legislation; we are always ready to surrender realities to forms; and we are reminded with peculiar bitterness that, while we sometimes endure genius, we always encourage mediocrity. From the "lethargic servitude," which would appear the inevitable fate of such a race, we have, according to Mr. Phillimore, been rescued by the Constitution; although it is certainly not easy to understand how the constitution, even with the aid of "the splendid virtues of a few eminent citizens," could have grown up and flourished amongst a people so destitute of great political qualities. To ordinary apprehension this hypothesis seems not only to put the cart before the horse but to assign to the piston and cylinder the force and the motive power which belong to the steam. When the nation, as a whole, is so hardly dealt with, it is no wonder that particular classes incur the full force of a still bitterer vituperation. Judges are seldom mentioned except in terms of scorn; the "ingrained narrowness of their caste" being one of the mildest reproaches flung at them. The servility and the large emoluments of the bishops are pointed out in a style which would not have disgraced Mr. Miall's pen when it was most vigorous; although, perhaps, the Nonconformist writer would not have so readily concurred in the description of Calvinism as a creed "more immoral than any with which Paganism can be reproached." Loan contractors are upbraided because while conducting a purely commercial transaction they look to their dividends, and leave to those who accept their money the responsibility of employing it. Individuals meet with little more mercy at his hands. James I. is described as "stained with the most loathsome vices, and privy to the blackest crimes;" Mr. Wilson Croker is stigmatized as "an impostor without the common learning of a schoolboy," and his career is adduced as a proof of "the power of mere insolence to impose on the English mind;" George II. is described as having the habits of a "quadruped in a pasture;" and the late Assheton

* History of England during the Reign of George III. By John George Phillimore. London: Virtue Brothers & Co.

Smith, who must have thought himself safe at any rate from the criticisms of great historians, is gibbeted as "a surly illiterate fox-hunter." On literary subjects Mr. Phillimore dogmatizes in a manner which really takes one's breath. The splendid roll of English poets was closed, we are informed, with Pope. "The age of poetry, amongst those who speak the English tongue, then ceased probably for ever." It is pretty well to dispose, in a sentence, of Scott, Byron, Shelley, Moore, Burns, and Tennyson, and all the poets of the future. But that is nothing to Mr. Phillimore, who proceeds to "polish off" the present age—we must be pardoned the expression—in the following sweeping style:—

"That of eloquence is to succeed; to be followed by a period without either—in which railways; theological disputes worthy of the Byzantine empire; attempts, mainly successful, to revive in a Protestant country the worst follies of the darkest ages; Jesuitical casuistry; second-hand scepticism; schemes for fattening cattle; barren and mechanical philology; and the minute details of physical science have taken the place of those studies which formerly trained some few Englishmen in all times to be great, skilful, and magnanimous—able to serve their country in peace and war."

It would be scarcely possible by any number of quotations to give a more complete idea of the vehement one-sidedness of the author's mind; of his reckless indulgence in strong language; or of the peculiarly coloured medium through which he looks at men and affairs. Many passages read very much like what we should expect from Mr. Bright or any "advanced Liberal" of his school, if in an evil moment they should take to writing English history. But Mr. Phillimore is not a mere vulgar Radical. He finds his ideal in the republics of antiquity; and by his obtrusive reference of everything modern to this standard he constantly reminds us of those grotesque Frenchmen who played at Greeks and Romans amidst the terrible realities of the first Revolution. It is, for instance, exactly in their spirit that he calls upon us to despise those for whose gratification Walpole revived the Order of the Bath, because Thucydides or Scipio, nay Cleon or Clodius, would have despised its ribands and stars!

We can only now protest against the unfair view of English society in the reign of George II., which is given by raking up all the most notable crimes which can be collected from the volumes of the *Annual Register*; and all the strong expressions in regard to the state of manners and morals in the upper classes which can be gathered from contemporary writers. By such a process it would be easy to exhibit any age or country in the blackest colours; but the untrustworthiness of this kind of painting is in exact proportion to its facility. After all that can be said in disparagement of the age in question, it is impossible for any candid person to doubt that upon the whole the state of society in England, the morals of the upper classes, the condition of the lower, the administration of the law, the extent to which it protected and controlled all classes,—would bear a most favourable comparison with the similar features of the France of Louis XV. Mr. Phillimore, however, appears to be of a contrary opinion; and we can only wonder, after reading his gloomy pages, that it was not in England instead of France, that every institution and every class but the lowest was swept away by the wave of a great revolution. Perhaps this may be accounted for by the peculiar character of the Teuton genius, which is "so positively servile in spite of all that laws and institutions can do!"

The present volume only embraces the history of the first five years of the reign of George III., bringing it down to the dismissal of the Marquis of Rockingham from office. The chapters devoted to a narrative of the foundation of our Indian empire are written much more in the spirit of Burke's invectives against Hastings than in that of sober history. But we have little fault to find with our author's views in regard to domestic politics. At the same time there is nothing particularly new or original about them; nor do they materially differ from those which Mr. Massey has presented to us, in a more temperate and less declamatory fashion.

We will, however, allow Mr. Phillimore to describe, in his own words, the policy by which George III. was guided:—

"The object of George III. was to make his will as absolute in England as that of any German prince was over the boors and servile nobles in his dominions. Everything was to be drawn to his personal favour and inclination: ministers were not to look to the House of Commons nor the House of Commons to the people—every tie of social affection and public trust was to be dissolved—parties were to be broken up—the great families were to be stripped, not only of the influence derived from the abilities and virtues of their representatives, but of that which property must always command in a free country. Nothing was to stand between the Crown and the populace. The Rockinghams, Grenvilles, Bedfords, Saviles, were to be reduced, so far as political authority was concerned, to the condition to which the nobles of Castile had been brought by Ximenes, and the French aristocracy by the third monarch of the house of Bourbon. The smile and favour of the sovereign were in the eighteenth century to be the sole object to which an English gentleman, however ancient his lineage, however great his possessions, however splendid his abilities, however numerous his titles to the love and veneration of his countrymen, should aspire. They were to stand in lieu of all other qualifications: with them Bute, or Sandwich, or Barrington—a minion, a knave, a parasite—were to be omnipotent; without them Pitt, Grenville, Rockingham, Savile—probity, knowledge, station, genius—were to be ciphers. The King was to interfere directly and personally in all the affairs of government, from the highest to the lowest and most minute detail of office—from the choice of a prime minister to the appointment of an architect. Even Louis XIV., in the height of his power, had been kept somewhat in check by the head of public opinion and

of the sneers of a keen-eyed and sarcastic race; but in England, where duller men, rolling without respite in the mire of practical life, were hardened against wit and opinion, and looked only to what they could see, and touch, and count,—to the letter of the law and the distribution of wealth and power,—the sovereign, if he could once emancipate himself from the control of the aristocracy—I use the word in its widest sense—if he could succeed in reconciling the ends of arbitrary power to the forms of a free constitution, had no such restraint to apprehend. He would have no more to fear from gibes and epigrams than Amurath or Aurungzebe. But let me not be unjust. If George III. had quite succeeded in this object, England would have had no reason to dread a repetition of the injuries she bore under the Tudors, and did not bear under the Stuarts: men's lives and properties, the honour of their wives and daughters, so far as the monarch was concerned, would have been safe. He would have been able at the end of his reign, like the Jewish prophet, to have called on those whom he had ruled to witness whose ox or whose ass he had taken, or whom he had defrauded, and he would have obeyed the law."

This is no doubt substantially correct, but at the same time it is rather one-sided. The Parliamentary Government which the King endeavoured to weaken or overthrow was something quite unlike what we now mean by that expression. It was the rule of that powerful Whig connection, which had, during the two previous reigns, entirely excluded all but its own members from office, and had come to look upon the Sovereign as little more than a puppet, in whose name Russells, Pelhams, Cavendishes, and Walpoles, governed the State. It was neither unnatural nor unpatriotic that the King should endeavour to shake off his dependence upon one party, when the whole nation was ready to rally round his throne. To a considerable extent the people looked with favour upon his resolution to emancipate the throne from the thraldom of the great houses; nor was such a design inconsistent with the character of a wise and liberal-minded monarch. But nothing can justify the means which he adopted to attain his end, or his persistent aversion to admit to his counsels any statesman whose character or abilities might indispose him to exhibit the required subservience to the Royal will. At the same time it is difficult to go the whole length of the Whig writers who attribute wholly to Court intrigue the exclusion of men of eminence from the Cabinet. The "great houses" did not place any very distinguished statesman at the head of affairs from the downfall of Walpole to the year 1756, when Mr. Pitt became virtually Premier; and that great Minister was ejected from office in 1761 quite as much by Whig jealousy as by Royal influence.

The King and his chief counsellor, Bute, were clearly guilty of closing precipitately a glorious war by an inadequate peace, in order that they might more readily carry out their scheme of breaking up the Whig connection. A parallel has often been drawn between their conduct and that of Queen Anne's Tory Ministers who concluded the peace of Utrecht; and this holds good even to the employment of a secret and indirect agency in both instances. Although the negotiations in 1763 were nominally conducted by the Duke of Bedford at Paris, they were really carried on in a clandestine manner by the Sardinian Minister at Paris, through the medium of Count Viri, the Sardinian Minister in London, who communicated directly with Bute. If the national honour was betrayed on this occasion, the King certainly showed himself equally regardless of his own in the abortive negotiation into which he entered with Mr. Pitt in the course of 1763. His Majesty first assented to the terms of the "great commoner;" then retracted his consent and threw himself into the arms of George Grenville, whom he had been about to discard; on the next day renewed his propositions to Pitt; and after proposing that Grenville should be degraded to the position of paymaster, brought the matter to a conclusion by a declaration that his honour did not permit him to entertain Mr. Pitt's proposition. "The King's regard to his honour, nevertheless, did not prevent him betraying to Mr. Pitt's enemies what had been said in strict confidence between the statesman and himself; nor, indeed, from deliberately misrepresenting the scheme and propositions of Mr. Pitt, and ascribing to him language that he had never employed in order to further the animosity of his opponents and lessen the confidence of his friends." His conduct in regard to the Regency Bill, in 1765, was equally marked by duplicity.

The five first years of George III.'s reign are certainly amongst the most disgraceful in our annals. With the exception of Mr. Pitt, our public men were utterly wanting either in honesty or capacity; most of them, indeed, were destitute of both. The position of the country in Europe was sensibly lowered; and that course of policy was commenced which soon afterwards separated the American colonies from the mother country. Domestic politics resolve themselves into little else than a constant succession of intrigues; while the House of Commons compromised its dignity by surrendering, in the case of Wilkes, the privilege of its members to immunity from arrest on a charge of libel. Things were not, however, even yet at the worst, as no doubt Mr. Phillimore will abundantly show, in the subsequent instalments of what promises to be a very voluminous work.

LIFE OF VICTOR HUGO.*

(SECOND NOTICE.)

His name once before the public, Victor Hugo resolved to keep it alive in their memory. He had a twofold motive for this. He

* Victor Hugo: a Life, related by one who has witnessed it; including a Drama in three acts, entitled "Ines de Castro," and other unpublished works. Two vols. W. H. Allen & Co.

had a career to make, a mind to unburthen of its treasures; and there was also Mlle. Adèle, who had been promised to him before he or she was born, and in whom he had long seen that centre of attraction which must be reached before his heart could be at rest. In 1820 he composed and published some small pieces, which met with an encouraging sale; and together with his brothers Abel and Eugène, and some friends, he founded the *Conservateur Littéraire*, to which he contributed largely. At this time he was Royalist to the core. He had seen little of his father, and his mother's political leanings had impressed him too strongly to be easily abandoned. General Hugo saw the hold they had taken of his son's mind, when at one of their rare meetings, Victor expressed himself strongly in favour of the Vendéans. The republican father consoled himself for the retrograde opinions of his youngest son. "Let us leave all to time," said he, turning to General Lucotte, who was present. "The child shares his mother's views; the man will have the opinions of his father." But the change was not to take place immediately. The death of the Duke de Berry called forth an ode from his pen which had great success in the Royalist circles. Louis XVIII. recited it frequently in the presence of his friends. Chateaubriand called the author *un enfant sublime*, and Hugo was introduced to him. Here is a sketch of this celebrated writer:—

"M. de Chateaubriand affected a military style; the man of the pen could not forget the man of the sword. His neck was imprisoned in a black cravat, which hid the collar of his shirt; a black great-coat, buttoned all the way up, confined his little stooping body. His head was the finest part of him; it was disproportioned to his height, but it was a noble-looking, serious head. His nose was long and straight, his eye keen, his smile bewitching, but it came and went with the rapidity of lightning, and his mouth would quickly resume its haughty, severe expression."

Chateaubriand invited him to come frequently and see him; but Hugo had been chilled by the formality of his first reception, and it was only because his mother pressed him to do so that he accepted this invitation. The account of his second visit is amusing, as showing the excessive vanity of the author of "Les Martyrs"; and, indeed, we cannot read the two volumes before us without being struck by the childish egotism which seems to be the prominent characteristic of men of letters in France, somewhat concealed in their English brethren by conditions of race and climate. Chateaubriand desired to impress his young friend with his merits as a poet, and read to him portions of his tragedy of "Moïse." Hugo, no doubt prepossessed with the merit of his own verses, could see nothing to admire in those of his literary patron. But egotism was not Chateaubriand's only peculiarity. While Victor was conversing with him, a servant brought in an enormous bucket filled with water:—

"M. de Chateaubriand untied his handkerchief, and began taking off his green morocco slippers. Victor rose to take leave, but the great man would not let him go, but went on undressing regardless of his presence; he removed his grey swan-skin pantaloons, his shirt, and his flannel waistcoat, and at last got into his tub, allowing the servant to wash and rub him. Once dried and dressed up again, he cleaned his teeth, which were very beautiful, and for the use of which he kept a whole case of dentist's instruments. Greatly revived by his dabble in the water, he began to chat in a most animated manner, all the time working hard at his jaws."

Madame Hugo and Adèle's mother, Madame Foucher, seeing that both were poor, had done what they could to separate them by interrupting the visits between the two families. On the 27th of June, 1821, Madame Hugo died. Two days afterwards she was buried; and Victor, unable to remain at home, wandered about till he came to the War-office, where the Foucher family resided. The place was brilliantly illuminated; Victor entered, and saw Adèle dressed in white, crowned with flowers, and dancing. It was the 29th of June, M. Foucher's fête-day. The next day Adèle was sauntering in the gardens of the War-office, and Victor came up to her. "What is the matter?" she asked, seeing by his face that something had happened. "My mother is dead! I buried her yesterday." "And I was dancing at the time!" said Adèle. He saw at once that she had known nothing about. "They began to sob together, and thus they were betrothed." Eighteen months afterwards they were married in the chapel where Hugo's mother had been interred. But their wedding breakfast was marked by an event sadder than that which had brought about their betrothal. A friend who was present observed something incoherent in Eugène's expressions, and, when the guests rose from the table, led him away. In the middle of the night insanity declared itself, and he spent the rest of his life in an asylum.

The favour which Hugo's odes had won for him amongst the Royalists was not barren favour. The king granted him a pension of a thousand francs per annum out of his privy purse. This was subsequently increased to two thousand. But he did not owe this subsidy solely to his poetic talents. A few years afterwards he had occasion to visit M. Roger, then Postmaster-General, who, when the subject of his visit had been disposed of, commenced to chat with him on indifferent topics, and in the course of conversation disclosed to him that the pension had been conferred on him because he had written to Delon's mother to offer his house as an asylum for her son, who had been condemned to death for contumacy. The letter was intercepted and shown to the king. "That is a good youth," said his Majesty; "I shall confer on him the first vacant pension." Hugo told the Postmaster that the act of intercepting a letter was "literally abominable." But he did

not resign his pension. Political conversions are slow when there is a pecuniary obstacle. Shortly after this interview, he accepted from Charles X. the decoration of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and a few days later assisted at the king's coronation.

The early struggles of men who have fought their way to eminence are the most interesting period of their lives. Let us go back a little to see how the author of "Les Misérables" fared before the king's pension enabled him to marry. General Hugo had offered to find means for the support of his sons if they would abandon the uncertain profession of literature. Victor declined this offer. His writings had earned him eight hundred francs, and, what was more encouraging, he had obtained the consent of Adèle's mother to the marriage whenever his circumstances should justify it. Thus inspired, he set to work with a will. He contributed to the journals. He wrote odes, novels, plays. But the struggle was not light. He kept house at this time in the Rue du Dragon, with his cousin, a son of Madame Hugo's brother, who had come from Nantes to study law. Their establishment consisted of a garret in two compartments, one of which they turned into a drawing-room, the other into a double-bedded sleeping apartment. Victor had only the small fortune above mentioned, won by his writings. He never borrowed a farthing, but could lend a friend five francs when asked. He purchased a superb blue coat, with gold buttons, and boasted a stock of linen consisting of three shirts. These occupied a small portion of the one cupboard which the two cousins possessed. But the law student had brought with him from Nantes linen enough to weigh down the rest of the shelves; and being a youth of well-regulated mind, as became his destined profession, he wore them in the exact order in which they came from the wash, so that as he got down to the middle and latter end of his stock, their colour became yellow from long lying unused, while Victor's three shirts were always of a snowy whiteness. Madame Hugo prints some extracts from his letters at this period, which show the sterling quality of his mind. "Nothing is to be despaired of," he writes, "and a little check does not damp great courage. I neither conceal from myself the uncertainties, nor even the gloomy prospects, of the future; but I have learnt from a strong-minded mother that one may, to a certain extent, command events. Many walk with trembling steps on firm ground; but when one enjoys a quiet conscience, and possesses a legitimate object, one must walk with a firm step on ground that sinks and trembles." There is sterling ore of manliness in this sentence, and there are other extracts from his letters which graphically describe the state of his mind at this time, and which may be read with profit by those who in the beginning of any career, whether it is to lead to fame or merely to competence, have to face poverty and uncertainty.

From the moment he received his pension, Hugo's circumstances were placed beyond anxious doubt. The publication of his earlier poems in a collected form brought him an addition, though a small one, to his income, and he had now become so well known that publishers were anxious for his manuscripts. What is mainly noticeable apart from his literary labours is the gradual cooling of his Royalist sentiments. General Hugo's second marriage had for a time alienated his sons; but they were reconciled, and one of the first fruits of their restored amity was Victor's "Ode à mon Père," in which he celebrated the soldiers who had carried the flag of France into the capitals of Continental Europe. In June, 1824, he espoused the cause of M. de Chateaubriand, who had been dismissed from the Ministry; and when subsequently Napoleon's dukes were announced at a ball given by the Austrian Ambassador, not by their titles taken from Dalmatia, Taranto, Treviso, Reggio, &c., but as "Marshal Soult," "Marshal Macdonald," &c., he resented this indignity to Republican France by his "Ode à la Colonne." The Opposition press, hitherto hostile to him, now applauded, while the Ministerial press began to look coldly on him. "To attack Austria was to attack the Bourbons, whom they had brought back into France. Glorifying the marshals was to glorify the emperor." This was the beginning of the rupture.

A considerable portion of the second volume of Madame Hugo's life of her husband is taken up with his opinions on the subject of capital punishment, and the shock to his feelings when witnessing several executions, in which they originated. These chapters are interesting, but are beside the main topic of the book, his literary life. We shall not therefore touch upon them. Nor can we do more than briefly glance at those which narrate the circumstances attending the production of his dramas. They give an admirable view of the struggle between the classical and the romantic schools. English playgoers will read with surprise of a play, "Hernani," running for forty-five nights, in spite of a nightly struggle between the author's friends and opponents—a struggle so hotly contested, that author and actors agreed that there was not one line in the whole play which had not been hissed. Besides this, the book presents a vivid picture of the theatrical world of Paris, its jealousies and intrigues, its claqueur system, and the extent to which the Parisian public is ready to be led away by personal considerations either to approve or condemn, without the smallest reference to the author's merits. Hugo had also a difficulty with the Government. His Royalism was perhaps at no time strong enough to make him lay the homage of flattery at the feet of dead kings, and at this period it was not very lively in favour of living ones. "Marion de Lorme" was severely scrutinized by the censor, and some lines were objected to as inimical to the institution of royalty. Hugo waited on the king, and obtained his promise to read the play himself. His Majesty fulfilled his promise, but would not sanction its performance. To heal the

wound thus inflicted he increased the poet's pension to 6,000 francs, a bounty which Hugo was now rich enough to decline. Subsequently, after the first performance of "Le Roi s'Amuse," the Government of Louis Philippe interdicted that play, on the ground that it was an offence against public morals. Hugo carried the question before the Tribunal of Commerce, conducted his own case, and lost it. The Ministerial journals taxed him with the fact that he who thus opposed the Government was in receipt of a pension of 2,000 francs allowed him by the Home Minister. Not till then did the poet sever this delicate link between himself and royalty.

Till "Les Misérables" was produced, Victor Hugo's greatest work was "Nôtre Dame de Paris." The circumstances under which it was written are interesting. Gosselin, the publisher, had taken offence at not being permitted to publish "Hernani." To revenge himself, he pressed the author for the immediate fulfilment of an engagement he had made with him to write a work which should be called "Nôtre Dame de Paris." It was quite impossible to complete a book, which had not even been begun, within the time stipulated, and Gosselin demanded damages. M. Bertin, then chief of the *Journal des Débats*, interfered, and the time was extended, first, to the 1st of December, 1830. The composition of his drama "Ruy Blas" had occupied him thirty-nine days; and all his other plays were begun and ended in a still shorter time. But "Nôtre Dame" required more than he could draw from his own mind. The minute descriptions of Paris in the fifteenth century needed considerable research, which, before he commenced his work, had occupied him two months. The note-book in which he had written his memoranda was lost, and that portion of his labours had to be gone over again. In consideration of this loss, the publisher extended the time to the 1st of February, 1831. On the 27th of July, Victor Hugo set to work:—

"He bought a bottle of ink and a thick piece of grey worsted knitting, which enveloped him from the neck to the heels; he locked up his clothes, in order not to be tempted to go out, and set to work at his novel, as if in a prison. He was very melancholy.

"From that time he never left the writing-table, except to eat and to sleep. His only amusement was an hour's chat after dinner with some friends, who would call on him, and to whom he sometimes read the pages he had written during the day. He read aloud thus the chapter headed 'Les Cloches' to M. Pierre Leroux, who thought this kind of literature very useless.

"After the first few chapters his melancholy disappeared; his sadness left him, and his work took possession of him; he neither felt fatigue nor the wintry cold which had come upon them. In December he would sit at work with open windows.

"He never doffed his bear-skin but on one occasion. On the morning of the 20th December, the Prince de Craon came to offer to conduct him to the trial of Charles X.'s Ministers. In order that this holiday should not be a long one, he did not even release his clothes from their prison, and wore his costume of the National Guards."

"Nôtre Dame de Paris" was finished on the 14th of the following January.

The two volumes at which we have now glanced, bring the life of Victor Hugo down to his election into the Academy. "From that date," writes Madame Hugo, "commenced a new existence, which will be the object of a new publication." We shall, therefore, before long have the pleasure of meeting the lively author of this book again. The new existence will show us the political phase of Victor Hugo's life. The last important fact relating to his purely literary career is the receipt of 240,000 francs from M. Delloye for the publication of his completed works for eleven years. We have said enough, we hope, to show our readers that the present volumes will repay perusal. From beginning to end we have found them full of lively and entertaining gossip, with numerous passages which have also an historical value.

CAPTAIN GRONOW'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

CAPTAIN GRONOW has been encouraged by the success of his previous volume to publish that second instalment which he then promised his readers. The lively and companionable character of the first series is fully supported in the collection of anecdotes and reminiscences which now follows; and it would be difficult to find a more entertaining book for indolent and haphazard reading. It is just the sort of work to carry with you into the country or to the seaside, for luxurious perusal under hedge-row elms or on the sandy beach. You may take it up and set it down anywhere, and are always sure of being amused; for you feel that you are in the hands of an accomplished, travelled, and thoroughbred man of the world, who has seen a vast deal of society, both at home and abroad, has kept his eyes and ears open, and can tell you stories of half the celebrities of the last fifty years. There is no more entertaining person than a fluent *raconteur*; the only objection to his company being that he sometimes fatigues his auditors by the excess of his good things. When such a person embodies his recollections in a book, you can take as much or as little of him at a time as you like; which is a great advantage. Captain Gronow divides his volume into a number of little sections, with distinctive

* Recollections and Anecdotes; being a Second Series of Reminiscences of the Camp, the Court, and the Clubs. By Captain R. H. Gronow, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, and M.P. for Stafford. Smith, Elder, & Co.

headings, so that you are never wearied by being kept too long over one subject. Without the wit or style of Horace Walpole, he has the same constant sparkle of anecdote, the same Attic salt of personality; and we find in his pages a somewhat similar reflex of fashionable life and manners fifty years ago to that which we possess of an earlier epoch, in the brilliant epistles of the first of English letter-writers.

The picture which Captain Gronow presents of society in his young days does not give us a very exalted idea of its main features. There seems, it is true, to have been a greater amount of what is called "character" then than now, and it is probable that the present age will not supply so many racy anecdotes to a later generation as the former age has furnished to this. But the variety arose in a great measure from the coarseness of manners prevailing under the Regency; the zest was that of a lower standard of life. Decorum is apt to be dull; and, although we have plenty of immorality in these days, our habits are externally staid, except in circles that are avowedly profligate. Fifty years ago, men lived less rapidly as regards business, and more rapidly as regards pleasure. It was, in truth, in the words of Dryden—

"A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time;"

and Captain Gronow reproduces it in lively colours. He makes no pretension to the elaborate graces of literary execution; yet we see in his pages the bucks and bloods of our fathers' days as they danced at Almack's, swore at White's, and fought at Waterloo—as they gambled, drank, intrigued, and lounged away their lives between St. James's and Bond-street.

Of the battle of Waterloo—at which he was present—Captain Gronow has many bloody incidents to relate. Being in the Guards, he had to go through some of the hottest work of that appalling contest. He and his comrades withstood for several hours the repeated charges of the French Cuirassiers; and he says he never shall forget the strange noise which the bullets of our men made against the breastplates of the enemy. It was like "the noise of a violent hail-storm beating upon panes of glass." The musketry, however, killed but few men, though it brought down many horses. The poor animals were so frightened at the look of our fixed bayonets that they came to a dead stand-still, foaming and quivering, and resisted all the efforts of their riders to force them to the charge. Many of our best officers were killed during this frightful struggle, and marvellous was the stoical heroism of the wounded. Captain Robert Adair, of the 1st Guards, had his thigh shattered near the hip by a cannon-ball. The surgeon was a Mr. Gilder, and, unfortunately, his instruments were blunt, owing to the excessive use which he had been obliged to make of them. Poor Adair said to him, punningly, "Take your time, Mr. Carver," and very shortly afterwards died from loss of blood. Ensign Somerville Burges was wounded in a similar way; the leg was amputated, and the surgeon hailed some soldiers to carry the patient to a cart. But Burges declined. "I will hop into it," said he; and he actually did so. In this case the injury was not fatal. Here is a ghastly story:—

"The wound which Captain Percival received was one of the most painful it ever fell to a soldier's lot to bear. He received a ball which carried away all his teeth and both his jaws, and left nothing on the mouth but the skin of the cheeks. Percival recovered sufficiently to join our regiment in the Tower, three years subsequent to the battle of Waterloo. He had to be fed with porridge and a few spoonfuls of broth; but notwithstanding all the care to preserve his life, he sunk from inanition, and died very shortly after, his body presenting the appearance of a skeleton."

A portion of the following we have read before; but Napoleon's sarcasm on Soult is new to us:—

"When we were in Paris we heard that Napoleon, on making his first observation with his glass, surrounded by his generals, on the morning of the 18th, had said, with an air of exaltation on finding that we had not retreated as he expected, 'Je les tiens donc ces Anglais;' but was answered by General Foy, 'Sire, l'infanterie Anglaise en duel c'est le diable.' We also heard that Soult, on remonstrating upon the uselessness of charging our squares with cavalry, had been severely reprimanded, and had undergone the biting and sarcastic remark from the emperor, 'Vous croyez Wellington un grand homme, general, parce-qu'il vous a battu.'"

The Kembles generally were great favourites with Captain Gronow. He relates of John Kemble that, when giving the Prince of Wales some lessons in elocution, he was offended by his august pupil's utterance of the word "oblige," which, according to a vicious habit in those days, he pronounced "obleegé." An expression of disgust came on the face of the great actor, who exclaimed, "Sir, may I beseech your Royal Highness to open your royal jaws, and say 'oblige'?" We may remark, however, in passing, that John Kemble was hardly the man to be sarcastic on the mispronunciation of a word, seeing that he committed so many sins in that way himself. "Ojus" for odious, "bird" for beard, "stare" for stir, "furfur" for fearful, &c., are only a few specimens of his eccentricities. Of his dignified manners and reticence, Captain Gronow relates the following:—

"Conway was a mediocre actor, but a very handsome man, and a great favourite with the fair sex. On some one asking Kemble if Conway was a good actor, the only answer they could get from Kemble was, 'Mr. Conway, sir, is a very tall young man.' But what

do you think of him?" "I think Mr. Conway is a very tall young man."

"One day he was saying, before Lord Blessington, who was an amateur actor of no mean capacity, that the worst professional player was better than the best amateur performer. Lord Blessington, somewhat nettled by this observation, asked John Kemble if he meant to say that Conway acted better than he did."

"Conway," replied Kemble, in his most sepulchral voice, "is a very strong exception."

This Conway, we may add, was the young man with whom Mrs. Piozzi fell so desperately in love, when she was about eighty years of age, that scandal says she contemplated asking him to marry her.

Hoby, the celebrated boot-maker of St. James's-street, was an important person some forty or fifty years ago. He was a Methodist, and used to preach at Islington; and he boasted that his boots and prayers brought the Duke of Wellington out of all his difficulties, and enabled him to gain his victories, which, if he had had any other boot-maker, he would never have been able to do. He sometimes treated his customers with great coolness, if not insolence. One day, the late Sir John Shelley complained that his top-boots had split in several places. Hoby asked how it had happened. "Why, in walking to my stable," said Sir John. "Walking to your stable!" sneered Hoby. "I made the boots for riding, not walking."

Probably many of our younger readers have never heard of "the pig-faced lady." If not, they will thank us for transferring to our pages Captain Gronow's account of the superstition:—

"Among the many absurd reports and ridiculous stories current in former days, I know of none more absurd or more ridiculous than the general belief of everybody in London, during the winter of 1814, in the existence of a lady with a pig's face. This interesting specimen of porcine physiognomy was said to be the daughter of a great lady residing in Grosvenor-square."

"It was rumoured that during the illuminations which took place to celebrate the peace, when a great crowd had assembled in Piccadilly and St. James's-street, and when carriages could not move on very rapidly, 'horresco referens!' an enormous pig's snout had been seen protruding from a fashionable-looking bonnet in one of the landaus which were passing. The mob cried out, 'The pig-faced lady!—the pig-faced lady! Stop the carriage—stop the carriage!' The coachman, wishing to save his bacon, whipped his horses, and drove through the crowd at a tremendous pace; but it was said that the coach had been seen to set down its monstrous load in Grosvenor-square."

"Another report was also current. Sir William Elliot, a youthful baronet, calling one day to pay his respects to the great lady in Grosvenor-square, was ushered into a drawing-room, where he found a person fashionably dressed, who, on turning towards him, displayed a hideous pig's face. Sir William, a timid young gentleman, could not refrain from uttering a shout of horror, and rushed to the door in a manner the reverse of polite; when the infuriated lady or animal, uttering a series of grunts, rushed at the unfortunate baronet as he was retreating, and inflicted a severe wound on the back of his neck. This highly probable story concluded by stating that Sir William's wound was a severe one, and had been dressed by Hawkins, the surgeon, in St. Audley-street."

"I am really almost ashamed to repeat this absurd story; but many persons now alive can remember the strong belief in the existence of the pig-faced lady which prevailed in the public mind at the time of which I speak. The shops were full of caricatures of the pig-faced lady, in a poke bonnet and large veil, with 'A pig in a poke' written underneath the print. Another sketch represented Sir William Elliot's misadventure, and was entitled, 'Beware the pig-stye!'"

The story was talked about for several years after 1814. We remember hearing it with many additions; among others, that her pig-faced ladyship used to eat her food out of a silver trough. Whether the food consisted of hog's-wash, was not stated.

In speaking of Madame de Narbonne, a French emigrant at the time of the French Revolution, who made and sold buns at Chelsea, our author repeats the derivation of the word bun given to him by Lady Harrington. The French lady, being unable to speak English, replied to her customers, when they used to inquire the name of her species of cake, "Bon;" from which Lady Harrington thought the English word arose. Captain Gronow doubts the etymology; and very wisely so, for the word is much older than the French Revolution, and is to be found in Gay, if not in earlier authors. The Captain speaks of Sally Lunn, from whom the well-known tea-cakes were called, as a Scotch servant of Madame de Narbonne. If we mistake not, she was a Bath woman, who kept an establishment of her own in that city.

We must conclude with Captain Gronow's account of an odd character who had one of the oddest names that ever a man possessed—Twisleton Fiennes, the late Lord Saye and Sele:—

"Twisleton Fiennes was a very eccentric man, and the greatest epicure of his day. His dinners were worthy of the days of Vitellius or Heliogabalus. Every country, every sea, was searched and ransacked to find some new delicacy for our British Sybarite. I remember, at one of his breakfasts, an omelette being served which was composed entirely of golden pheasants' eggs! He had a very strong constitution, and would drink absynthe and caraçon in quantities which were perfectly awful to behold. These stimulants produced no effect upon his brain; but his health gradually gave way under the excesses of all kinds in which he indulged. He was a kind, liberal, and good-natured man, but a very odd fellow. I never shall forget the astonishment of a servant I had recommended to him. On

entering his service, John made his appearance as Fiennes was going out to dinner, and asked his new master if he had any orders. He received the following answer:—"Place two bottles of sherry by my bed-side, and call me the day after to-morrow."

We part with reluctance from the gallant Captain's very entertaining mess of gossip.

AUSTIN ELLIOT.*

THE story of "Austin Elliot," by the author of "Geoffrey Hamlyn" and "Ravenshoe," is marked by a manly vigour in the writing; and it is not a "sensation" novel. Neither is it a "story with a purpose." Mr. Kingsley certainly protests with much warmth against the system of the duello, and illustrates its evils; but the duello is a dead lion, or rather a dead donkey, amongst us, and these two volumes were evidently not written solely to enable their author to take that defunct animal by the beard.

Austin Elliot is the hero of the novel. The heroine is Eleanor Hilton, a good, quiet, patient, and noble little girl, whose character is admirably drawn. The fathers of these two have been old college friends, and are friends in riper years; and so it comes to pass that these children of theirs first become playfellows, and then lovers. In the ordinary course of things they would have just enjoyed so many months or years of courtship, got married, and made each other happy or miserable, as the case might be, like most of the people whose names appear in dry, common-place columns of the London Directory. But, then, where would Mr. Kingsley's novel have been? Three lines in the *Times* announcing a marriage, and two lines announcing a death, supply all the printed particulars that the public cares to have about the careers of such people as these. But Austin Elliot runs out of this beaten track, and so entitles himself to run afterwards through the pleasant volumes before us. Eleanor is a rich heiress, while he is the son of a comparatively poor man; and after gaining the affections of the poor girl, and being persuaded that she has gained his, what does the young coxcomb do but fall in love with the beautiful Miss Cecil, who marries Lord Mewstone directly afterwards? Of course the young gentleman goes mooning about for some time; and then he returns to his first love, and he is forgiven, and they are fairly betrothed. They have nothing to do now but to drive to St. George's, Hanover-square, take a trip to Paris, or to Bath, and be happy ever after. But no; there is a skeleton in the closet of the house of Hilton, and of that cupboard three persons at least possess a key. Austin is not one of them, for though he knows there is a skeleton, he is ignorant of its nature, and it is mainly through that ignorance that dire events are brought about. It has so happened that whilst our hero was at Eton with his bosom friend Lord Charles Barty, who plays an important part in the story, Robert Hilton, Eleanor's brother, came there too, and partaking of his father's love for gaining money without having his father's ability to earn it, he robbed his fellow students' boxes, and was, of course, expelled. An utter breach ensues between him and old Mr. Hilton, and almost the next thing we hear of him is that he has committed suicide at Namur, whither, after forging Lord Mewstone's name, he had fled, pursued by one Captain Hertford. Now, this Captain Hertford is the villain of the book, and creates no end of mischief. At old Mr. Hilton's death his daughter comes into possession of nine thousand a year, and we find her aunt Maria (a drunken crazy old woman) and Captain Hertford exercising a great and mysterious influence over her and all her actions. They possess the key of the skeleton closet, and they bind down and manacle poor little Eleanor by threatening to turn the key, and let her lover see the unsightly bones that stand behind the door. Thus aunt Maria lives upon her niece, and ill-uses her, and Captain Hertford gets sufficient money from her to carry him into Parliament. Nor is this all. In Douglas Jerrold's comedy, "The Bubbles of the Day," when Captain Smoke remarks that he is in want of a thousand pounds, he is met by the reply that every man is in want of a thousand pounds. Every man also is in want of nine thousand a year, and, as Miss Hilton possessed that income, it was perfectly natural that Captain Hertford should wish to marry her. It was also natural that, Austin Elliot being one impediment in the way, and Miss Hilton's antipathy another, the gallant captain should think that, if he could remove the one, he was sufficiently fascinating to conquer the other. Having made Austin, not unreasonably, jealous by dangle about Eleanor and evidently sharing with her a secret that was a secret to her lover, the captain, a dead shot, conceives the brilliant idea of calling our hero out and shooting him before breakfast. And ultimately our hero humours this idea, and determines to go out and shoot or be shot, like a man, which he is, or a fool, which he is not, though he occasionally acts like one. Is not this vagabond man of war sharing Eleanor's confidence in matters that are sealed to the eyes of Austin? Has she not, for insufficient reasons, postponed the marriage for a year? Finally, has not Captain Hertford spoken disrespectfully of Austin Elliot at the clubs, boasted of his intention to marry Austin Elliot's betrothed, and made it a matter of notoriety that he is burning with a desire to send a bullet through Austin Elliot's susceptible heart? He has. Then "pistols for two; coffee for one." But the Lord Charles Barty we have just mentioned has had his quarrel

* Austin Elliot. By Henry Kingsley. Two volumes. Macmillan & Co.

with the captain, and becoming aware of his friend Elliot's intentions in that direction, determines to quietly and politely call Captain Hertford a bully and a scoundrel, before Austin can quietly and politely call him a liar and a vagabond—and he does so. The captain and Lord Charles meet at the firs at Hampstead, Austin is Lord Charles's second, Lord Charles is shot dead, the captain flies out of the country, and Austin remains and is arrested. When he is admitted to bail, before his trial, he discovers that all the world is condemning him for allowing his own battle to be fought by the murdered young nobleman. Whereupon, like a man and a fool, both, he follows the captain to the Continent, resolved to give that eminent shot an opportunity of adding another murder to his load of sins. They meet at Ems, and Austin, having allowed his antagonist to wound him in the leg, is perfectly satisfied, and satisfies the fashionable world, and so returns to England to meet his trial, and be sentenced to a year's imprisonment. A lodging in Millbank, at the public expense, is very different to a house in Wilton-crescent, with nine thousand a year to keep up the establishment; and when Austin, shut up in his cell, receives neither letters nor visits from his betrothed, and learns that she is travelling on the Continent under the guardianship of Aunt Maria, accompanied by Captain Hertford, who can wonder that he should laugh the melo-dramatic laugh of transpontine lovers who are driven to despair? But Austin's imprisonment does not endure for a year. While at Millbank he makes the acquaintance of a convict, who is known as William Browning, *alias* Goatley, and the two receive a pardon for the share they have taken in quelling a disturbance and saving the governor's life. On his liberation, Austin determines to see Eleanor no more, but to go to Canada, and to save the poor convict by taking him out too:—

"One day, when all things were nearly ready, and Austin had come to be as well known on board the good ship *Amphion* as the skipper himself, he took Goatley with him, to help him in stowing some packages. They walked together all the morning. When, at noon, they walked out on the wharf again, Goatley said suddenly, 'I am going away to-morrow.' 'Whither?' said Austin. 'To a public-house. To the Black Bull, in the Commercial-road. I have business there.' 'You will come to me in the evening,' said Austin, 'for you will not sleep away from your lodgings. I am so fearful of your getting among your old companions, my poor fellow.' 'Is that why you watch me so?' said Goatley. 'Yes, that is the reason,' said Austin; 'you are so weak and foolish, my poor lad. I think how much I owe you, and think how anxious I am to give you a new start in life, without temptation. I do watch you, and I will.' 'Very well,' said Goatley; 'you are quite right. But you need not watch me to-morrow; I am going to see a relation, the only relation I have, who is coming to wish me good-bye.' At noon the next day, Goatley left the ship, and Austin, going the same way, saw him walking rapidly up the Commercial-road. 'It would be mere charity to follow him,' thought he; 'and I think I had better follow him. I do not like to trust him.' He went into the Black Bull. He asked the landlord whether a young man had come in just now. The landlord said, 'What sort of a young man?' and Austin described Goatley. So mine host showed him into a rambling old room on one side of a passage, with some fifty angles in it. There was a bagatelle-board there, and Austin ate his biscuit and sipped his ale, and knocked the balls about. Robin [his dog] had some biscuit, and lay down on the hearthrug. Austin began to be aware that there were voices talking low in another room—in the room on the other side of the passage. Robin became aware of it too, and began to be naughty. Austin hit him a tap with the cue. But it was no use; the dog was mad. He did not mind the blow. He began barking furiously, and tearing the door with his teeth. Austin d—d him, and opened the door for him. The dog dashed across the passage, and threw himself against a door on the other side, which burst open. Austin followed to apologise. Only two steps. There he stood like a stone image in the squalid passage, with the billiard-cue in his hand. He saw a public-house parlour before him, and a dirty table, and a picture of the Queen, and a horse-hair sofa. And on that sofa sat Eleanor Hilton, and beside her the convict Goatley. The convict had his arm around Eleanor's waist, and Eleanor was tenderly smoothing his close-cropped hair with her hand. He was amazed for one instant—only for one. When Goatley turned his head towards him, attracted by the sudden entrance of Robin, Austin saw it all. Now he understood Eleanor's mysterious pilgrimages; now he knew why he had found her walking with Captain Hertford on the 15th of May; now he knew why he had thought himself mad when he had first seen this man in prison. All the truth came on him suddenly, like a blaze of lightning on a dark night—when Goatley turned his face towards him, and he saw it beside Eleanor's, he understood everything. This Goatley, the convict, was Robert Hilton—the thief at school, the swindler in the army, the forger of Lord Mewstone's name. It was Robert Hilton, Eleanor's own brother. And he dropped the billiard-cue, and cried out, like a strong man in pain, 'Eleanor! Eleanor! I see it all. Can you forgive me? Can you forgive me?'"

This, then, was the skeleton that was instrumental in creating so much misery, causing a marriage to be postponed, lovers to be estranged, duels to be fought, and a good little girl to be placed under the thumb of a crazy old woman and a blackleg captain. Of course, Austin was forgiven; and no reader of Mr. Kingsley's novel will regret to learn that aunt Maria went to the madhouse, and Captain Hertford to the deuce. Austin and Eleanor marry and go to live in Ronaldsay, and the description of a potato famine in the island forms one or two of the most powerfully written chapters in Mr. Kingsley's book.

THE AGRICULTURISTS' WEATHER GUIDE.*

ANYTHING at all sensible as a cheap popular book to turn the empirical and very generally absurd notions of weather prognostics into something like practical opinions of what is likely to happen from definite meteorological conditions has long been wanted amongst the mass at large; and of all classes, next to sailors, none so need accurate and reliable principles of weather-wisdom as farmers. To the sailor the forecasting of the weather tends to the preservation of life and of the property placed in his charge. The agriculturists produce a nation's food. A good harvest is highly profitable to them, beneficial to their country. A bad harvest loss and destitution amongst a people. A long study of meteorological conditions over long periods of years might be even advantageous in giving firmer knowledge to the tiller of the land, as to when to sow and when to reap, while the minor variable changes, which take place from day to day and week to week, exert such direct and immediate effects upon the crops he grows, and the state in which he can harvest them, that it is no wonder the farmer anxiously seizes on any assertion or saw, grounded or baseless, that may be presented to him. Modern farmers are, however, far more sensible than their ancestors, and as scientific knowledge has been found highly profitable in the actual culture of the soil, so they are well inclined to believe that a proper knowledge of the science of weather may be equally beneficial.

No reliable book has, however, hitherto been put before him. Admiral Fitzroy's "Weather Book," excellent as it is, and much more voluminous than the little pamphlet-like work before us, was not designed for the instruction of the farmer in particular, but to convey the principles and details of the science of forecasting and of meteorological science generally; whereas the chief objects of Mr. Criswick, formerly assistant meteorologist at the Greenwich Observatory, has been to substitute scientific grounds on which farmers and others may build their anticipations of the weather, in place of the empirical predictions they have hitherto relied upon. For this purpose both the ordinary signs as gathered from nature without the aid of philosophical instruments, and those afforded from the phenomena of the thermometer and barometer and anemometer are enumerated, as well as their causes fully explained.

The first part is taken up with weather prognostics from natural phenomena without instrumental aid; the second part is devoted to a description of the principal meteorological instruments, with wood-cut illustrations, in which the reader is informed concerning the principles on which the action of each instrument depends and its proper use and management, including a chapter on instrumental errors and the methods of correction, prices of instruments, &c., concluding with a chapter on the phenomena of the barometer and the inferences to be drawn from them. This is followed by an inquiry into the average direction of the wind with regard to the distribution of the various directions over the different months of the year.

The third division contains a few of the principal tables used in reducing meteorological readings to mean daily results, for the barometer and wet and dry bulb thermometers, and also for finding the dew-point temperature.

Following these tables are some exhibiting the mean daily temperatures, atmospheric pressure, and temperature of evaporation, rain-fall, &c., for several places throughout the country; these tables also serve as tables of comparison by which the indications of the instruments may be at any moment compared.

Following this is a note, with illustrative tables, on the temperature of the ground; a subject very little understood, but one of the greatest importance to agriculturists. The book concludes with an example of a daily record of observations.

Thus the purpose and aim of this unpretentious but excellent little book is to enable the farmer to make himself a practical meteorologist, and so give him a better basis on which to calculate the most suitable times for commencing or completing the various operations of his occupation. It is not a little singular, that amongst the many handbooks on the various topics connected with the farm, none as yet have appeared on this important branch, and here, therefore, still ignorance and empirical pretensions have full scope, and display a very strange picture compared with the really advanced knowledge the farmer has attained to in the use of machinery and fertilizing matters. Without doubt a careful study of Mr. Criswick's handbook will put it in the power of any person of ordinary capacity to use meteorological instruments with facility and advantage, and will enable them to reap all the benefits that a thoroughly practical knowledge of the science is capable of bestowing.

We are pleased to see the author keeping in view the class for whom his book is written by stripping the language as far as possible of scientific technicalities; every chapter has, nevertheless, been made as complete and comprehensive as possible, so that a person totally unacquainted with the subject would get up from a perusal of its pages with a very fair idea of the leading features of scientific weather-wisdom.

There is also added to the other matter, notes on the effects of electricity and ozone upon vegetable life,—a subject of much interest.

His many years' experience as an observer and practical meteorologist, as well as his intimate acquaintance with the theoretical

* The Agriculturist's Weather Guide and Manual of Meteorology. By Henry C. Criswick. London: Houlston & Wright. 1863.

progress of the science, have well fitted the author for the work he has undertaken; and we dwell on this point the stronger that it is necessary the class to whom it is addressed should have confidence in the author who engages to teach them. The book might possibly have been increased in size with advantage to the scientific reader; though to the less-informed, and for general practical purposes, more matter than was absolutely needed to render the essay what it professes to be—the Agriculturist's Weather-guide—would have been rather an evil than any benefit.

The work is appropriately dedicated, by permission, to Sir John F. W. Herschell, than whom no one can claim a higher right to the title of meteorologist, and than whose opinion none is more valuable, and whose patronage is a guarantee for the merits of Mr. Criswick's labours.

BISHOP COLENZO ON THE PENTATEUCH.

ARTICLE IV.

It must have occurred to the minds of many before now as very remarkable that Bishop Colenso, in his onslaught on the Pentateuch, should not have adduced its miracles as among the impossibilities on account of which he rejects it as unfaithful to truth. Why, they may ask, does he not include the feeding of two million of people during forty years with manna from heaven, the dividing of the Red Sea by Moses, and the plagues of Egypt, in the catalogue of his reasons for pronouncing it false? Every one sees that these things are far more incredible in themselves than the increase of the Israelites, the number of the Passover lambs, and the arms and tents in the possession of the people. And, therefore, at the first blush, one may naturally wonder why the Bishop failed to make use of such ready auxiliaries. Tom Paine and other infidel writers always attacked the Bible through its miracles; why has Bishop Colenso avoided delivering his assault in a similar manner? The question is a most important one; but the answer to it is to be found in his method. We have already shown that his great mistake was in commencing his inquiry at the wrong end, and not first making up his mind as to the truth of the Christian miracles and the probability of the Mosaic. His false conception of the use of miracles in the Divine economy led him into the further error of separating the Mosaic miracles from the ordinary Pentateuch history, and endeavouring, by a criticism of the latter, to decide the question of the truth or falsehood of the former. "I could believe and receive," he says, "the miracles of Scripture heartily, if only they were authenticated by a veracious history." Nothing can be more manifest than the separation intended in these words, which give us a clear insight into his whole scheme, which is to ascertain by a critical search for impossibilities and contradictions in the ordinary history of the Pentateuch, whether the miraculous portion of it be true or not. We see, then, why the miracles are not included in his list of objections, and we obtain, moreover, an insight into the method of his criticism.

But this method, however ingenious it be, utterly fails in its application to the Pentateuch, for this simple reason, that the separation of the miraculous from the non-miraculous portion of the history is impossible. To use Dr. Colenso's own figure, the two are so interwoven and so cross and re-cross one another in a thousand places, that they cannot be separated without tearing the fabric of the story to pieces. It is folly to speak of the Bible as in any respect other than a history of miraculous events, or to criticise its difficulties without reference to its miracles. Every one who accepts the Bible does so, believing it to be a history of supernatural events, and nothing less. The very child knows that the plagues of Egypt and the burning bush are, as natural events, incredible, while yet he believes in them as wondrous works of God. The miracles of the Pentateuch and its ordinary events form one history; we cannot with certainty tell where one ends and the other begins; and therefore any attempt, by a separate criticism of the one to determine the truth or falsehood of the other, can never lead to any reliable result.

These remarks are necessary as an introduction to the examination of the Bishop's further objections. For, though the defenders of the Pentateuch have generally chosen to meet him on his own grounds, and to prove that the events which he considers incredible may be accounted for on natural principles, they were by no means bound to take that line of defence. It may be well that they have done so; it was proving on his own principles that his objections were untenable. But it would have been a sufficient and a perfectly valid defence to have pointed to the Bible and said:—"The events there recorded profess to have been performed under a miraculous dispensation, and as long as it is possible—barely possible—that the particular event objected to may have been produced by the finger of God, no charge of incredibility can hold good." As Bishop Butler has said, "we scarce know what in such matters are improbabilities." In fact, the miraculous character of the dispensation must be disproved before such objections can establish anything.

The Bishop's objections which we have first to examine are the eleven which, like branches running out from a common trunk, depend on the one objection, as to the number of the Israelites. As a matter of course, if any one chooses to adopt the supposition that the number of the Israelites may be reduced, then all these objections vanish, or become scarce worth considering. Even the greatest—the march of two million of people across the desert—is then the march of only 200,000, or thereabouts,—a

number below that of the well-authenticated exodus of 400,000 Tartars from Russia in the last century. But the supposition of error in the numbers is really unnecessary, since the objections are capable of being otherwise overthrown. Some of them are so puerile that it is truly a waste of time seriously to reply to them. The only answer they deserve is ridicule. We say this with no desire to throw contempt on Dr. Colenso. We really are puzzled how to account for a man of his talents having ever committed himself to such trifling. He creates a case of incredibility out of God's command that the congregation should assemble at the door of the Tabernacle, and makes much of the expressions, "All the congregation," "The whole assembly," as if everything depended on the strict grammatical meaning of these words. The original Hebrew could have told him that it was *towards* ($\frac{1}{2}$) the door of the Tabernacle they were ordered; and if he had compared Ex. xii. 3 with Ex. xii. 21, he might have struck on a surer method of ascertaining the meaning of these words, "all" and "whole"; but this he has failed to do. He might as well have insisted that, because God ordered *all* the congregation (Numb. xv. 32) to stone the Sabbath-breaker with stones, we must suppose that every man, woman, and child threw a stone at him. We have made the calculations as to how many stones would be required for this terrific execution, and find that the offender must, on Dr. Colenso's principle, have been buried under a pile of no less than 500 tons of paving-stones. Let some generous road-contractor inform us as to the height of the cairn that marked the spot where this poor criminal suffered.

In like manner does he create a difficulty out of the command given to Joshua to read the words of the law before *all* the congregation of Israel, forgetting that the intention of such a ceremony was not so much that the people should, every one of them, hear, but that a certain solemn act should be performed, to be put afterwards on record, and of which the people were to be witnesses, the particular words used being afterwards conveyed to each individual through the ordinary channels of information in their tribes. As well might he have objected to the opening of the International Exhibition, because every one in that huge building could not have heard the Duke of Cambridge.

He likewise creates difficulties out of the people going up *armed* out of Egypt; as if this expression necessarily implied that every man was fully equipped with defensive and offensive armour, and there was not a shadow of doubt as to the meaning of the word (סִפְּרָה), which the translators of the Bible, Dr. M'Caul, and he, are not agreed about.

A similar remark applies to the difficulty of the Israelites being provided with tents; as if it were necessary to believe that they were in that respect furnished like the allied armies in the Crimea. That they had some tents in Egypt is evident from their being a pastoral people; that they added to the number in the desert from the skins of the sheep and cattle which they killed, is also likely; and that they sheltered themselves by every variety of rudely-constructed edifice they could think of, is highly probable; but to suppose that their wants were perfectly supplied in this respect we do not see to be necessary; though, if necessary, we should feel no difficulty in believing it when we recall to mind the supernatural circumstances in which they were placed.

A like objection does the Bishop make to the extent of the land of Canaan as compared with the number of the Israelites. It is strange that he should have selected to prove his case the three counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, which together give about one million of people to three million of acres, or one man for every three acres; and not have taken England generally, which would have given him something more than one man to every two acres. The area of Canaan, according to his own figures, is about a fifth part of that of England. Therefore, a fifth of the twenty millions of England's population, that is, four millions, cannot have been too large for the Holy Land, such as it was in those days, highly cultivated, with a double harvest every year. This number leaves an ample margin for expansion, after a million is allowed for the original inhabitants and two millions for the invaders,—an expansion which it must be remembered God intended, in his original plan, should reach across the desert to the river Euphrates. Again, Ireland is about three times as large as Palestine; and as it at one time, under a very defective agricultural system, supported near nine millions of people, why should we consider three millions too great for Palestine? Add to all these considerations God's own peculiar care of the Israelites under the Theocracy, and the objection, which was weak before, now becomes really childish.

Another objection we must dispose of. It is a ridiculous caricature, and not a true account of the events immediately preceding the Exodus. Dr. Colenso describes the preparations for departure as if they were all made on the one day, whereas nothing can be plainer than that the instructions, both for the Passover and the journey, were given early in the month. The lambs were ordered to be selected on the tenth day, though not killed until the fourteenth (Ex. xii.). This allowed at least four days for preparation; but it is further evident, from the several threats held out by Moses to Pharaoh, that their preparations must have commenced much earlier, and that they extended probably far beyond the commencement of the year (Ex. x. 9, 28, 29; xi.). The objection is, as we have said, a caricature, and not such a statement of a Scripture story as should have been expected from a bishop and a friend of religion. By his account it is a mass of contradictions.

We come now to such of Bishop Colenso's exceptions to the Pentateuch as have at least the semblance of reason. Wherever a

difficulty really exists, we have no desire to underrate it. The cause of truth is better served by conceding to an objection its full value before it is answered. Now, the most serious of all his difficulties is the march of two million of people in safety across the desert, their sustentation for forty years, and the extent and complexity of the daily camp arrangements. It may readily be conceded that such an exodus under natural circumstances would be impossible. But does Bishop Colenso, or any other person, mean to say that we are bound to account for it on such principles? Assuredly he cannot. The whole forty years, if they were anything, were one continued miracle. The sustentation of the people by manna and by water from the rock, their preservation from enemies on all sides, and their not having worn out their shoes and clothes for forty years, are either true or false. If they be false, there is an end to further inquiry. If they be true, then we need only a few miracles more to account for other difficulties. Nor is it necessary that every miracle should have been recorded in a history which is at best but a compendium in which the events of a thousand and more years are compressed into a small space. We know that all Christ's miracles were not recorded (John xxi. 25). Why should we be required to believe that all the Mosaic are, especially in a condensed narrative of events which were a *continued* miracle? Whatever, then, may be the natural difficulties of this transit of the people across the desert, they all vanish when we admit the single fact that they were fed by manna from Heaven; for the power that provided this food could, and probably did, furnish them with every other requisite. This brings us to our old ground again—namely, that the real battle-field of the Bible is in its miracles. Dr. Colenso's scheme of separating them from the *ordinary* history, and making the latter the battle-field, is a pure illusion.

But to return to natural principles; his portraiture of the Israelite camp, as resembling London, is really absurd. There must, of course, have been some central station, or head-quarters; and the Tabernacle, with the tribes marshalled round it, was the fittest focus for such centralization; but the narrative does not oblige us to believe, with Dr. Colenso, that the people were all compressed into a square of twelve miles. Many of them must, in tending their flocks, have been scattered widely through the country. He asks, where could they find wood enough for fuel for two million people? It is evident that little could have been wanted for warmth sake; and it is possible that the baking of the manna alluded to in Ex. xxiii. 16, may have required but little more. There is evidence, however, that wood was more abundant in the desert in those days than it is now; and the case of the Sabbath-breaker (Num. xv. 32) is at least a proof that some could be got.

The objections relative to the Passover, the duties of the priests, the feeding of the cattle in the wilderness, and the number of the first-borns, we shall examine in one group, as they have a natural dependence on one another. They have been answered by the "Layman," Dr. McCaul, Messrs. Greswell, Chamberlain, Prichard, and a host of others, with a fulness of detail and convincingness of argument which leaves nothing to be desired. We especially refer our readers to the "Layman's" view of the question of the first-borns—a view which furnishes the only true solution, in our opinion, of that difficulty. Here we can only give a very brief summary of the arguments, commencing with the Passover.

Bishop Colenso, following the authority of Josephus, and the Divine command that one lamb should be taken for each household, calculates that 150,000 lambs must have been required for each of the two Passovers,—those observed in Egypt and at Mount Sinai. He allows a lamb for only every fifteen persons. He shows very clearly that, in order that there should have been so many male lambs, the Israelites must have had two millions of sheep, and he very naturally declares that it is incredible that they could have had so many even in Egypt, and even if they had, far more so that they could have carried them into the wilderness and there found pasture for them. The reasoning is sound; the calculation is probably correct; but the whole argument is vitiated by the false premiss from which it starts, namely, that each household contained only fifteen persons. Now, what was the Israelite household (בית)? The Bishop forms his idea of it from an English family, a father, mother, children, and servants. But that was not the Israelite notion. The Israelite house comprehended a father—the patriarch—sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters, and sometimes great grandchildren, with a retinue of men-servants and maid-servants. In each such household there were probably from fifty to a hundred persons, and in many cases even more. It is known that the tribes were divided into families, and the families into households (Num. i.; Deut. xix. 12, xxi. 1–9; Josh. vii. 14, xxiii. 2, xxiv. 1). There were princes of tribes, and heads of families, and elders of the congregation. It is probable that these latter were heads of households with whom Moses communicated when he had a message from God to deliver to the people. The composition of these households, however, is made known to us in the account of the trial and death of Achan. When this offender was condemned to be stoned for taking the accursed thing, the process of selection was, that first the tribe of Judah was taken; then Joshua took the family of the Zarahites (Josh. vii. 16, 17); the family of the Zarahites being brought forward, Zabdi was taken. But what followed? Zabdi then brought his household man by man, and Achan the son of Carmi, the son of Zabdi, was taken. Here we have laid open to us the constitution of a household. Achan was a *grandson* in Zabdi's household. But there is more yet to be learned. Joshua then took (verse 24) Achan and his sons, and his daughters, and his tent to the valley of Achor.

We here see that great grandchildren were also in Zabdi's household. Now include the servants, and is it possible to conceive Dr. Colenso to be right in allowing only fifteen persons to each Passover lamb? Another instance of the constitution of a household is afforded in 1 Sam. x. 21, where the account is given of the manner in which Saul was elected to be king of Israel.

We are now in a position to reduce the number of the Bishop's lambs. If fifty be taken as the average of each household, then 40,000 would be a sufficient number for a Passover; and when we remember that two households might join in one lamb, it is not unlikely that, on special emergencies, when sheep were not easily had, half that number might have been sufficient. Dr. Colenso's difficulty is therefore, at least, seriously reduced in dimensions; it is conceivable how 20,000, or even 40,000 lambs, might have been provided for either Passover, and the transport of the flock which should furnish them ceases any longer to be an impossibility. To this it may be objected that one lamb would not be enough for fifty, much less a hundred persons; but the answer is manifest. For a *religious ceremony*, a very small portion for each individual would be sufficient, and one lamb could, therefore, easily supply a household of a hundred persons.

Another consequence of this correct view of the composition of a household is that the difficulty of feeding their flocks in the desert is also greatly diminished. It is not necessary to suppose that the Israelites carried with them out of Egypt more than 200,000 sheep. A large proportion of these must have been slaughtered for food before the manna was given, and many may have died on the way; the flock round Sinai could scarcely have been more than half the original number. These may have furnished lambs sufficient for the second Passover, and any deficiency may have been supplied by purchase or gift from Jethro; but afterwards, during the remaining thirty-eight years of the wanderings in the wilderness, none were necessarily required, for no Passover was observed. It is likely that during these thirty-eight years the flocks were very much reduced in numbers, though afterwards, as the people approached the promised land, they were evidently again increased by the booty taken from the countries which the Israelites conquered beyond Jordan.

Another difficulty which is removed is that of the disproportion of the number of first-borns to the total number of the people, which Dr. Colenso, depending on his notion of an English household, can only account for by supposing that each Hebrew mother had forty-six children. The explanation is simple; the first-born (בכור) in a house was the person who held the birthright—the heir, as we would say—in most cases the eldest son of the first wife. We must again refer our readers to the "Layman's" solution of this difficulty, and to his answers to the objections which Dr. Colenso would make to it. The Bishop depends on the etymological sense of the word first-born—"openeth the matrix"—but it is clear that this cannot prevail against the actual acceptance which it must have had in its application to Israelite households. In Pharaoh's house, for instance, where there must have been many wives, only one first-born is spoken of—"the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne." Gesenius says that the word denotes the first-born of men or of animals, and that in the former case it refers to the "eldest son of a father." He instances Gen. xlix. 3, where Jacob calls Reuben his first-born (בכור), and adds that "it is used of anything which is *chief*, *first* of its kind," as "the first-born of death" and "the first-born of the poor."

The amount of work to be done by the priests in the wilderness, in offering up the sacrifices of the people, and gorging themselves with their daily "perquisites" of flesh, is the burden of another of his objections. He assumes that there were only three priests, Aaron, Eleazar, and Ithamar; though it is evident that these must have had households, the children and servants of which were fed on the priests' portion of the sacrifices, and the servants required to assist in the menial offices connected with the altar. But there is another unwarranted assumption in the objection. Dr. Colenso supposes that the sacrificial system was strictly observed during the forty years, whereas nothing can be clearer than that it was not. A single fact is sufficient; the Passover and Circumcision, the two fundamental rites of the Mosaic religion, were so neglected that, when Joshua arrived in Canaan, he was ordered to circumcise the people, because (Josh. v. 6) "all the people that were born in the wilderness by the way as they came forth out of Egypt, them they had not circumcised." Now, as no uncircumcised person could take part in the Passover, it is evident this festival was not celebrated during the thirty-eight years which followed the departure from Sinai. Can any one contend, with these facts before him, of the non-observance of these two essential rites, that all the other smaller matters of the law were enforced, and that Aaron and his sons were overwhelmed daily with sacrificial work? It is impossible.

The Midianite war (Num. xxxi.) demands from us a brief consideration. As viewed by the Bishop, it is an objection to the morality of Scripture. "The tragedy of Cawnpore," he says, "where 300 persons were butchered, would sink into nothing compared with such a massacre." The remark made long ago by Bishop Butler as to actions of this kind still holds good, that the precepts commanding them change the whole nature of the case, since they do not require men to cultivate the principles, and act from the spirit of treachery, ingratitude, or cruelty; but only judicially to perform certain actions as God's agents. To this remark we add, that the Midianite war can only be condemned either because it tended to demoralize the Israelites, or because it is contrary to our notions of God's justice. On the former ground no

exception can be taken to it; for the experience of mankind has shown that the judicial taking away of life (and such this war, as commanded by God, must be considered) does not necessarily demoralize the agents of death. On the second ground it is also free from objection; for in the natural world God takes away life to as large an extent, and apparently as cruelly, by wars, famines, and pestilences; and this assertion cannot be disproved except by denying altogether the Providence of God. Let any one expand these suggestions, and he will have a complete and satisfactory refutation of this attempt to destroy the veracity of the Pentateuch by questioning its morality—an attempt, it may be observed, which would lose nothing of its force by any supposition of error in, or reduction of, the numbers of the slain.

We have now completed our review of Bishop Colenso's first volume, and of the answers to the several objections contained therein. We have pointed out the fallacy which runs throughout his reasonings, and the defects and faults of method of his criticism of the Sacred Volume. We have shown that his scheme of separating the ordinary history from the miraculous, and applying the science of criticism to the former, in order to ascertain the truth or falsity of the latter, is an illusion; that the real battlefield of the Bible is in its miracles, and that, therefore, the conclusions which he has arrived at by a false method, and paraded with so much confidence and ostentation as destructive of the veracity of the Pentateuch, bear the impress of very serious doubt, if not of positive error. Having done so, we now part with this, the most attractive as well as comprehensible of his volumes to ordinary sceptical readers, and proceed to an examination of the second and third, which will furnish the subjects for our next two articles; after which we shall conclude with an examination of the proof which Christianity affords of the truth of the Mosaic history and dispensation.

THE Jews of Tunis have founded a school in that city in commemoration of the visit of the great Rabbi of Constantinople.

A NEW song by MM. Giraud and Landinais has come out in Paris, called "Cri de Guerre Polonais."

M. G. HUBBARD, of Madrid, has prepared an official map of the railways of Spain and Portugal, which we recommend to travellers, and which is to be obtained of M. Vallet, 6, rue de Navarin, Paris.

A WITTY work from the pen of the humorous French writer, M. Jules Noriac, has appeared, called "Mémoires d'un Baiser" (Memoirs of a Kiss).

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, has written a new piece, "L'Ami des Femmes," which will be played at the Gymnase, in Paris.

"LES Aventures des Os d'un Géant, Histoire Familiale du Globe avant les Hommes," is the title of a popular treatise on the Pre-Adamite world lately written by Henry Berthoud.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

THE first appearance of Mdle. Pauline Lucca at the Royal Italian Opera on Saturday was as genuine and deserved a success as we have for a long time been called on to record. The part of Valentine in the "Huguenots" has so long been associated with the transcendent vocal and declamatory powers of Viardot, Grisi, and Titiens, that no severer ordeal could have been found for a young singer who came among us utterly unknown to the London public. It is but recently that Mdle. Lucca has risen to eminence at the Berlin opera, where she has lately held a leading position; but in this country her very name was unknown until she suddenly made herself famous by her admirable performance, last Saturday, of one of the most arduous parts in the whole range of the lyric drama. It is to be regretted that this excellent artiste has appeared so near the close of the season, but she will doubtless be included in Mr. Gye's engagements for next year, when she cannot fail to establish a high reputation, of which the foundation is already laid. Mdle. Lucca possesses a genuine soprano voice of extensive compass, brilliant quality, yet capable of great sympathetic expression. Although not large in stature, she has every advantage of face and figure, and her stage action is both graceful and energetic. Add to this her extreme youthfulness, and we may fairly hail in her the promise of a great declamatory singer. In the duet with Marcel, in the second act, Mdle. Lucca at once asserted her claims as a dramatic vocalist of a high class. Her singing was alike admirable for musical finish and declamatory energy. In the great duet with Raoul, one of the most exhausting movements in the whole range of stage music, Mdle. Lucca's energies never once flagged; and if there had before been any doubt as to her possession of sufficient sustaining power, the triumphant climax which she reached in this scene at once settled the point, and completed a brilliantly successful first appearance. Signor Mario is still the best of Raouls, in spite of the effects of wear and tear on a voice of too delicate and susceptible a quality to bear uninjured the strain of such fatiguing parts. M. Faure was the best St. Bris we have yet had. Herr Formes's Marcel is well known as a rugged and picturesque, if not very highly-finished performance. Signor Tagliafico, as Count Nevers; Mdle. Battu, as Marguerite de Valois; and Madame Didiée as the page, made up a highly efficient cast of Meyerbeer's great work. Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore" was revived at this house

on Tuesday, after an interval of several seasons. It is strange that one of this composer's most genial productions should have lain so long in abeyance, containing, as it does, some of Donizetti's best music in a school that his genius was most fitted for. Not forgetting the occasional power developed in some of his serious works, "La Favorita" especially, there can be no question that comic opera was the style in which Donizetti excelled, and in which he will be longest known to fame; and among his works of this class, "Don Pasquale" and "L'Elisir d'Amore" stand conspicuous for genial freshness and sparkling vivacity. We have already recorded Mdle. Adelina Patti's successful appearance as Norina in "Don Pasquale," and have now to chronicle a still greater success in her impersonation of Adina in "L'Elisir." A more charming performance, even by the same accomplished artist, has scarcely ever been witnessed. Her graceful and intelligent acting and refined and finished vocalization form a perfect combination that leaves no room even for hyper-criticism; it is in every respect a performance of the highest class of musical comedy. Signor Naudin continues to justify the high opinion which we have before expressed of him. Nemorino is one of his best impersonations, being free from a slight tendency to exaggeration which has heretofore been occasionally observable. Signor Naudin, indeed, has made a decided advance in vocal finish and in the estimation of his audience—his success being complete. With Signor Ronconi's humour as Dulcamara and Signor Tagliafico's careful singing and bustling acting as the swaggering Sergeant Belcore, "L'Elisir d'Amore," at the Royal Italian Opera, is a very complete and charming performance. Mdle. Adelina Patti is announced to appear next week as Maria, in "La Figlia del Reggimento." A very complete and excellent performance of "Figaro" was given at Her Majesty's Theatre on Wednesday, the cast including Mdle. Titiens, Mdle. Trebelli, Fraulein Liebhardt, Mr. Santley, Signor Gassier, Signor Bossi, and Signor Bettini. Of Fraulein Liebhardt as a concert singer, we have recently spoken in high terms, and have now to record her successful stage *débüt* as a highly intelligent and efficient dramatic vocalist.

SCIENCE.

HOLIDAY SCIENCE.

HOLIDAY science may be perhaps a new term, but it certainly denotes no novelty. For many years past we have had at least two principal and some minor exhibitions of a more or less entertaining and scientific character, and of these the Polytechnic and the Colosseum have come to be reckoned with the regular sights of London. Country people would as little think of going home without seeing them as they would of returning without visiting the theatres or Madame Tussaud's; and so, as holiday science does not aspire to be high science, those who serve it to the public endeavour to render it as amusing, as entertaining—and as profitable—as possible. In the days when the Polytechnic stood alone in its glory and people went there to see all the new inventions, International Exhibitions and South Kensington Museums had not been dreamt of. It is only fair, then, to think of an old favourite that has done good work in its day; and now that the more valuable but more sombre meetings of the learned societies are over, and true science has gone to the Alps or to rest, we do not think it *infra dig.* to look into and criticize any of those institutions that endeavour to combine amusement with instruction, and offer truly enticing first steps to scientific knowledge. To take the Polytechnic, then, as it is. Here we have music and melody, conjuring made easy, with the electric light, comic parodies of "Der Freischütz," lectures on mauve and magenta, imitations of singing-birds, dips under water in the diving-bell, pneumatic despatches and dissolving views. No sooner is one thing finished than a little bell tinkles and the audience is trotted off to another.

Professor Pepper and the Polytechnic are synonyms and inseparable. We should as soon think of seeing one without the other as Paul Bedford without Toole at the Adelphi. No one would believe in one without the other; and it would be almost as vain to speculate how long Professor Pepper has been a popular favourite as it would be to predict how long his ghosts will last in popular favour. How many years, too, the glass-blower has been blowing those pretty little baskets, dogs, and pens! We watched him two-and-twenty years ago—he does not look older than he did then,—and we watched him yesterday with as much, perhaps more, interest than ever. His toys might have looked prettier and his facile handling more wonderful in our younger days—we would not swear they did,—but as we stood watching his rapidly-spinning wheel, and the all but invisible glass threads winding round it, the simple but deeper thought passed through our mind—How wonderful the force of cohesion in that delicate molten thread! In the fierce flame of the blow-pipe the end of the glass stick melted away, but the fine glass fibre broke not, fell not, dropped not. Two hundred and twenty turns of the handle this handy workman made, and for every turn the wheel went ten times round. The circumference of that small wheel, only a foot across, was a measured yard; so that the fine thread passed off from the melted stick at the rate of a mile and a quarter a minute. Yet it broke not! At the Polytechnic they do not make popular the mystery of this; at the Royal Society they have not unravelled it. And yet the force which holds those particles of melted glass together would hold them if the wheel went four

times as fast. Other workmen may be seen at work bread-making, ice-making, or making meerschaum pipes; and Mr. Cox nature-printing ferns, leaves, and seaweeds with his little wooden presses. An intelligent man is Mr. Cox, and very pretty things he produces. His nature-printing process, the like of which we see in the illustrations of many of our modern books, is very simple. Between a folded sheet of paper, well covered with printer's ink, the leaf or seaweed is placed, and the folded paper and its contents then are placed in one of the little wooden presses between soft leathers and rolled with a wooden roller. All the ribs, veins, and prominences of the leaf are thus inked over. Now, if the inked leaf be placed on paper and rolled in the same manner, it yields of course an impression of itself and gives an imprint of its finest parts. If placed on wood it does the same, and some very tastily ornamented tables have thus been made. Mr. Cox, too, has now devised a new application of these simple means to the printing of pottery. The ordinary process by which our common willow pattern and others are printed on our dinner and tea services, is by first deeply engraving the pattern on a copper-plate, so that it shall hold plenty of printing-ink, in this case formed of some metallic oxide. An impression taken on bibulous paper is then transferred to the plate or cup, and rubbed closely down upon the pottery with a padded stick. The transferred pattern is then burnt into the object under the glazing. This process involves the drawing of the object, the engraving and printing of it, and the labour and time of rubbing it on. Mr. Cox transfers from the leaf itself the printing on the pottery, which is put at once into the furnace. Moreover, if it be wished to produce any specially elaborate or pictorial ornamentation, the constituent objects can be, if necessary, printed first on paper, and any particular grouping got to the taste of the manufacturer. Then this impression can be rubbed on the article to be decorated in the old way. Even in this case the expense of the drawing and engraving is saved. If the design be very elaborate, it can be finished by an artist, or additional figures not transferable by the nature-printing can be added by his hand. At any rate, it seems a simple, pretty, inexpensive process, capable of artistic application for this purpose, and we are glad to hear that one of our best manufacturers is in treaty for the patent. The two large phenakistoscopes,—singularly enough invented by a blind man, M. Plateau,—twirling on either side of the promenade yield singular optical illusions produced by the natural retention of the images of objects on the retina of the eye; many other illustrations of this class of phenomena may be taken home in the phantasmascopes and other similar toys sold in the building. Even toys become philosophical apparatus in the hands of the philosopher: the gyroscope and Japanese toys which Mr. Van Austen's salesman spins so expertly can be made to prove our earth's rotation and to illustrate many a phase of motion and resistance of the air.

Professor Pepper and his ghosts and cherubs are at this time, however, the "great take" here. Something wonderful it is to see a little fairy cherub or a cupid immaterial moving, active, all but speaking; or a pallid ghost transfixed by a real steel sword. The eye of the accomplished optician, however, could scarcely fail to detect the principles of the illusion; but we will not peach on Mr. Pepper nor detract from the merits of his ghosts. They are very palpable—almost too solid, indeed, for such flimsy shadows as ghosts are supposed to be—very real and life-like, and very profitable to a meritorious institution and lecturer; and therefore we are not disposed to take away from their attraction by explaining the mystery.

It is not on all occasions that visitors have the opportunity of seeing the experiments with the great electrical machine—the largest, we believe, in England—which, worked by steam, throws a spark of at least three feet and traverses a vacuum tube of more than eight in length. The burning and exploding of various metal wires is a favourite experiment with this magnificent instrument; but the most useful is that we are in the habit of jokingly calling the "potted boy." A boy is put into a metal pot and covered down with the lid, in his hand holding a delicate electrometer bearing gun-cotton on its top. Connection of the pot with the ground is made, the electrical machine put in full motion, and although the electricity passing round the lad is in volume enough to annihilate him, it passes away silently to the earth, and neither boy is harmed, gun-cotton exploded, nor even the thin gold leaves of the electrometer blown apart—a convincing proof of the value and utility of lightning conductors in thunder-storms. Models of locomotives, magnetic engines, water-straps, of buildings; samples of wool, and numerous other materials, from ebonite to rose aniline and mauve—of which there is a lump of about 1 foot by 6 inches by 3 inches, the product of 350 tons of coal, and capable of dying 18 miles of calico; examples of metric weights and measures, electric telegraphs; casts of prisoners' inscriptions in the Tower, photographs, and pictures, *cum multis aliis*, afford themes for much instruction for the young and unlearned; in fact, all around are items of elementary and amusing instruction which can but sow broadcast the seeds of good results amongst the thousands from all parts that are constantly streaming through these galleries and lecture-rooms.

Two things more we would briefly notice. Amongst the relics of the former exhibitions in these rooms are two examples of an effort long since laughed at in these better days of better wisdom—attempts at perpetual motion—clocks made to go for ever, and to time themselves. Little balls run down an inclined plane, drop into little saucers on long levers from wheels, the gravitation of the ball turns the wheel, and as one ball rolls off another rolls on

another lever of the wheel, the clock moves, the hands go, and the movement of the clock moves an Archimedian screw, which winds up the expended balls to the stage above, whence they again run down the incline, again falling into the lever-cups, again turning the wheel, moving the clock, and being again wound up by the Archimedian screw to roll down again along the incline, and again to keep the clock in motion. But somehow the clock has long since stopped—if even it did not do so in the lifetime of its maker. The balls have rolled out, and these elaborate efforts to attain an impossibility are passed silently by, or if noticed at all by visitors, it is only in wonderment at what these dilapidated machines can possibly be kept for. So much for the impracticable. In every movement of every wheel, in every roll of every ball, there was so much loss of the original impetus of starting; in every action there was diminishment of power by friction; and, if ever so infinitesimal, the accumulation of infinitesimal resistances must bring cessation at last. It has come; and solitary and valueless as these old clocks seem, they teach an impressive lesson. All things are finite save the Eternal Power that brought all things into existence; that wars still against destruction; that turns destruction into change, and, conquering even annihilation, gains strength and power and dominion over void space with every second of eternity.

Along the right wall of the gallery of the promenade is a geological model of a section of the earth's crust, with paintings of landscape scenery above it, very much on the same principle as the late Dean of Westminster's section in his memorable Bridgewater Treatise—but with this difference, that instead of merely variously coloured spaces to represent the various beds of clay, earth, and stone, we have in the Polytechnic section, constructed by the late manager, Mr. Phené, the strata built up of veritable granite, limestones, slate, and clays. The great bosses of grey granite are traversed by veins of red; trap-dykes—old lava streams—rise through the secondary rocks, and running over ancient geological sea-bottoms spread around; shafts penetrate into coal-mines, and between the pillars of support the miners, waggons, and horses are seen within; and so we are conducted from the lowest known beds of that film of our earth which we call its crust, to the alluvial deposits of running rivers and the still flowing lava-streams of the modern volcano. Although not quite correct in every detail to the eye of the critical geologist, it is capable of conveying the most instructive lesson of any model or section we have ever seen.

Of the Polytechnic we would make this final just remark,—its entertainments are not only highly amusing but positively instructive. To the young and untutored an unaided inspection of its many interesting objects could not fail to convey much knowledge or to raise many topics of thoughtful inquiry, but to any one who can visit it with a competent explainer, instruction of the most valuable kind can be conveyed through the medium of the materials displayed.

It is the common practice of the French newspapers to devote a slip at the bottom of their pages to scientific gossip. Some of these *causeries* are often written in a familiar conversational style, and not unfrequently give notices of considerable importance. In the *Pays* of the 21st inst. there is given in this way a conversation between the writer of the article and an engineer who stores away his manuscript inventions and models in a black cabinet, which our contemporary of the *Pays* styles the "cabinet de Barbe-Bleu." From amongst them the engineer shows his friend a novel kind of break. The miniature railway, with its engine, carriages, &c., is brought out. "When will you have the train stop?" asks the engineer. "When the engine has made thirty turns of the wheel," replies the writer. The train starts, and at thirty revolutions the locomotive stops, then the first, second, third carriage, and so on. The visitor had put his penknife in one of the carriages, expecting to see it jerked forward when the train was suddenly stopped. But no, it remained unaffected. The newly adopted principle is said to be this:—Suppose a train going at full speed to run over a broken bridge. It plunges into the gap—perhaps into the water. What is the consequence? Instead of the horizontal course of the train being continued, the downward plunge arrests it. For the downward plunge the engineer substitutes a vertical rise. Such is the idea, which M. Charvin, the engineer-proprietor of the Blue-Beard cabinet, is stated to have accomplished in the following manner:—On each side of the locomotive is put a wheel, without any felly, a simple nave, furnished with long arms. When the engineer wishes to stop, the break-wheels are connected with eccentrics on the axle, their long arms take the ground, the locomotive is raised, its wheels revolve in the air, but its onward horizontal motion is stopped; it advances no further. The carriages are armed with spoke-wheels in the same manner, and a leverage connection is made between them, so that all are connected with their axles together, the impetus of motion being sufficient to work the break-wheels when once their spokes touch the earth. The idea is ingenious, but how far practical actual service must test. In the same paper we have an account of the Paris ghosts, which Professor Pepper has licensed to appear; with a clever suggestion of the method of obtaining those attractive apparitions.

A DISCOVERY of an ancient canoe, reputed to be Celtic, has been made by some workmen in draining the fields which were formerly covered by the waters of Giggleswick Tarn. It was met with at the depth of some five feet, and is probably not less than two thousand years old. It has been hollowed out of the trunk of a huge tree, probably an oak, and four or five feet in diameter at least. The canoe is seven or eight feet long, about two feet in breadth, and two feet in depth, with ends roughly and abruptly pointed. It is flat-bottomed

indicating possibly that the lake was shallow even in ancient times. Through one of the ends of the boat, which served as the stern, is a round hole, through which it is conjectured a pole was thrust, either to steer the boat by or paddle with. This hole was plugged up with a conical piece of wood. Not the least curious parts of the canoe are two wooden wings, five or six inches broad, which were fastened to the sides by round plugs of wood; perhaps intended to steady the boat. Two iron crooks, each about eighteen inches long and fastened together by a ring of iron, were found near it, and look like a rude anchor. The canoe appears to have been made with great care, but by a people unacquainted with sharp cutting instruments, although that some uses of iron were known is shown by the anchor. The canoe is the property of W. Hartley, Esq., and it is much to be hoped that some good antiquarian will give us a more accurate account of it and its different parts. Giggleswick Tarn is near Settle, a charming portion of the great scar-limestone region of Yorkshire, and full of geological interest. The caverns there have been examined long ago, and a very interesting account of them was given by Mr. Burrow at the meeting of the British Association at Manchester the year before last.

SOME flint arrow-heads of prehistoric age have been recently found near Stroud, in Gloucestershire. The proprietor of the ground where they were found intends to make further excavations. A notice of the discovery has been read at a recent meeting of the Dudley Field-Club.

As might have been expected, the call for cotton has been responded to by many states. Amongst the newest of these competitors for the Manchester markets is the republic of Paraguay in South America. Cotton is there an indigenous plant and grows almost spontaneously, but hitherto the cultivation of it has been almost entirely neglected, owing to the exclusive cultivation of tobacco, want of field labour, want of machines, and other means of advancing this industry. Now, however, that the British market offers such a splendid opening, great efforts are being made to take advantage of it.

INTERESTING discoveries continue to be made at Alise-Sainte-Reine. More than two hundred coins are now in the hands of the Emperor. They come chiefly from the trenches bordering on Grésigny. The coins, for the most part, are Celtic, others Roman, but all of dates prior to the year 57, a fact confirmatory of the probable identity of Alesia and Alise. A great number of arms have been found amongst them; the complete suit of a Celtic knight, buried with his horse, are now added to the riches of the Alise Museum.

AMONGST the correspondence read at a recent meeting of the Paris Academy, much interest was excited by a letter from M. Robert, stating that, having been to the Ecole des Mines to examine the bones there from Chartres, on which it was said scorings and markings of geological antiquity of rude tools by man's hand had been observed, he had learnt from the preparator of the fossil bones in that establishment that "the wounds on the bones had arisen from his own mal-address in clearing away the earth that enveloped them." M. Desnoyers replied to the allegation, and stated that he had seen markings on bones fresh from the beds at Chartres itself, and which he believed to be contemporaneous with the bones themselves. He also quoted examples in other collections, and stated that the cuts and markings were often incrustated over with a solid gange or patina.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FISH HATCHING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—As in your review last week of Mr. Buckland's book on "Fish Culture" you have not distinctly stated that the successful experiments made of packing salmon ova in ice for various periods up to 146 days were mine, I would wish to state in your columns that it was at my suggestion and at my expense that the experiments were tried to ascertain how long salmon ova might be kept alive, and their development retarded, by burying them in ice. Mr. Buckland knew nothing about this until some time afterwards; he was a perfect stranger to me, both personally and by reputation, and was not introduced to me until the day on which the first box of ova was opened, viz., sixty-seven days after the commencement of the experiments, and it was with some surprise that I read in the last annual report of the Acclimatization Society the credit taken for Mr. Buckland in the following paragraph at p. 19:—"In the course of his experiments,

and by the aid of facilities placed at his disposal by the Wenham Lake Ice Company, Mr. Buckland discovered that salmon ova might be frozen in ice for 135 days and yet retain their vitality. This fact serves to solve the problem of how to transport salmon to Australia and other distant parts of the earth."

Until these experiments were made at my suggestion, neither Mr. Buckland nor any of the *savans* in pisciculture believed it possible that salmon ova could be preserved, and their development retarded for so long a time.

Mr. Buckland never in any way, directly or indirectly, assisted me in the experiments; he merely watched their results, and no credit is due to him for the discovery.

To Mr. Youl the credit is due of having induced me to interest myself in the matter, and he procured the ova on which the experiments were made from Mr. Ramsbottom, of Clitheroe.

Your most obedient servant,

E. H. MOSCROP.

Office of the Wenham Lake Ice Company, 140, Strand,
July 21, 1863.

[In our review of Mr. Buckland's book we have not given credit to any individual for the *idea* of this experiment, but have only referred to the results. We cannot say what knowledge the *savans* in pisciculture might have had before these experiments, as to the power of ice to retard the development of fish-ova, but the writer of the article on the incubation of the python in March, 1862, in this journal, more than twelve months ago, had certainly knowledge that the action of temperature influenced the development of fish. Mr. Moscrop's practical experiments are, however, the first that have ever been made to prove a very important point—the great length of time that retardation of development may, without injury to the ova, be maintained. As Mr. Moscrop wishes for the credit of these meritorious experiments, we willingly give space in our columns for his just claim.—ED. L. R.]

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Aitken's (Rev. R.) The Prayer Book unveiled in the Light of Christ. Crown 8vo., 5s. 6d.
 Ball's (J.) Guide to the Western Alps. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Baring-Gould's (Sabine) Iceland: its Scenes and Sagas. Royal 8vo., 28s.
 Boutell's (Rev. C.) Heraldry: Historical and Popular. 2nd edit. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Butler's (Bp.) Modern Atlas. New edit. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 ——— Ancient Atlas. New edit. 8vo., 12s.
 ——— Ancient and Modern Atlas. New edit. 4to., £1. 2s.
 Calvert's (G. H.) The Gentleman. Crown 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Chronicles of the Mayors and Sheriffs of London, 1183 to 1274. Edited by H. T. Riley. 4to., 12s.
 Cooke's (C.) Curiosities of Occult Literature. Crown 8vo., 4s.
 Cruikshank's (G.) A Discovery concerning Ghosts. 8vo., sewed, 1s.
 Every Man's Own Lawyer. By a Barrister. 2nd edit. Feap., 6s. 8d.
 Fitzwygram's (Lieut.-Col.) Notes on Shoeing Horses. 2nd edit. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Hamer's (J.) The Smoker's Text Book. 64mo., 2s. 6d.
 Hannp's (H.) General Theory of Bridge Construction. 8vo., 12s.
 Ishisher's (A. K.) School Euclid. First 4 Books. New edit. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 ——— Book I. 12mo., 1s.
 ——— Books I. and II. 12mo., 1s. 6d.
 Ingelow's (Jean) Poems. Feap., 5s.
 Johns' (Rev. C. A.) Home Walks and Holiday Rambles. Feap., 6s.
 Kingsley's (Rev. C.) The Gospel of the Pentateuch:—Parish Sermons. Feap., 6s.
 Knight's (Captain) Diary of a Pedestrian in Cashmere and Thibet. 8vo., 21s.
 Lacy's (T.) Lights and Scenes in our Fatherland (Ireland). 8vo., 12s.
 Low's Charities of London. New edit., corrected to April, 1863. Feap., 5s.
 Lowth's (G. T.) The Wanderer in Western France. 8vo., 15s.
 Maxwell's (W. H.) Stories of Waterloo. Cheap edit. Feap., sewed, 1s.
 Miles (W.) On The Horse's Foot. 9th edit. Imperial 8vo., 12s. 6d.
 Mitchell's (J. M.) Meshehowe: Illustrations of the Runic Literature of Scandinavia. 4to., 10s. 6d.
 New Anecdote Library. By the Editor of "The Railway Anecdote Book." Crown 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Notes, Questions, and Answers in the Gospels for the Christian Year. New edit. Feap., 3s.
 Oxford Pocket Texts.—Aristophanes Acharnians. 18mo., sewed, 1s.
 Paton's (A. A.) History of the Egyptian Revolution. 2 vols. 8vo., cloth, 24s.
 S. Anselmi Cur Deus Homo. Libri Duo. Feap., sewed, 1s. 6d.
 Shakspeare. Cambridge edition. Edited by W. G. Clark and W. A. Wright. Vol. 2. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Sharpe's London Magazine. Vol. 22. New Series. Royal 8vo., 6s. 6d.
 Skating on Thin Ice. By Author of "Reca Garland." 2 Vols. Post 8vo., 21s.
 Smith's (Barnard) Arithmetic and Algebra. 9th edit. Crown 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Stevens (E. T.) and Hole's (C.) Grade Lesson Books. 4th Standard. 12mo., 1s.
 Tate's (T.) Companion to "First Principles of Arithmetic." 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Todhunter's (I.) Algebra for Beginners. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
 Tugwell's (Rev. G.) North Devon Scenery Book. Crown 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Waugh's (Edwin) Lancashire Songs. Feap., 2s.
 Wheaton's International Law, Supplement to. Royal 8vo., sewed, 2s. 6d.

THE SERIES OF ARTICLES

REVIEWING

DR. COLENSO'S WORK ON THE PENTATEUCH,

AND THE

VARIOUS REPLIES,

WILL BE CONTINUED IN THE

LONDON REVIEW

OF SATURDAY, AUGUST 1st.

NOTE.—This Series furnishes the most Comprehensive View of the whole Question which has yet appeared.

OFFICE: 11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.